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The Seed

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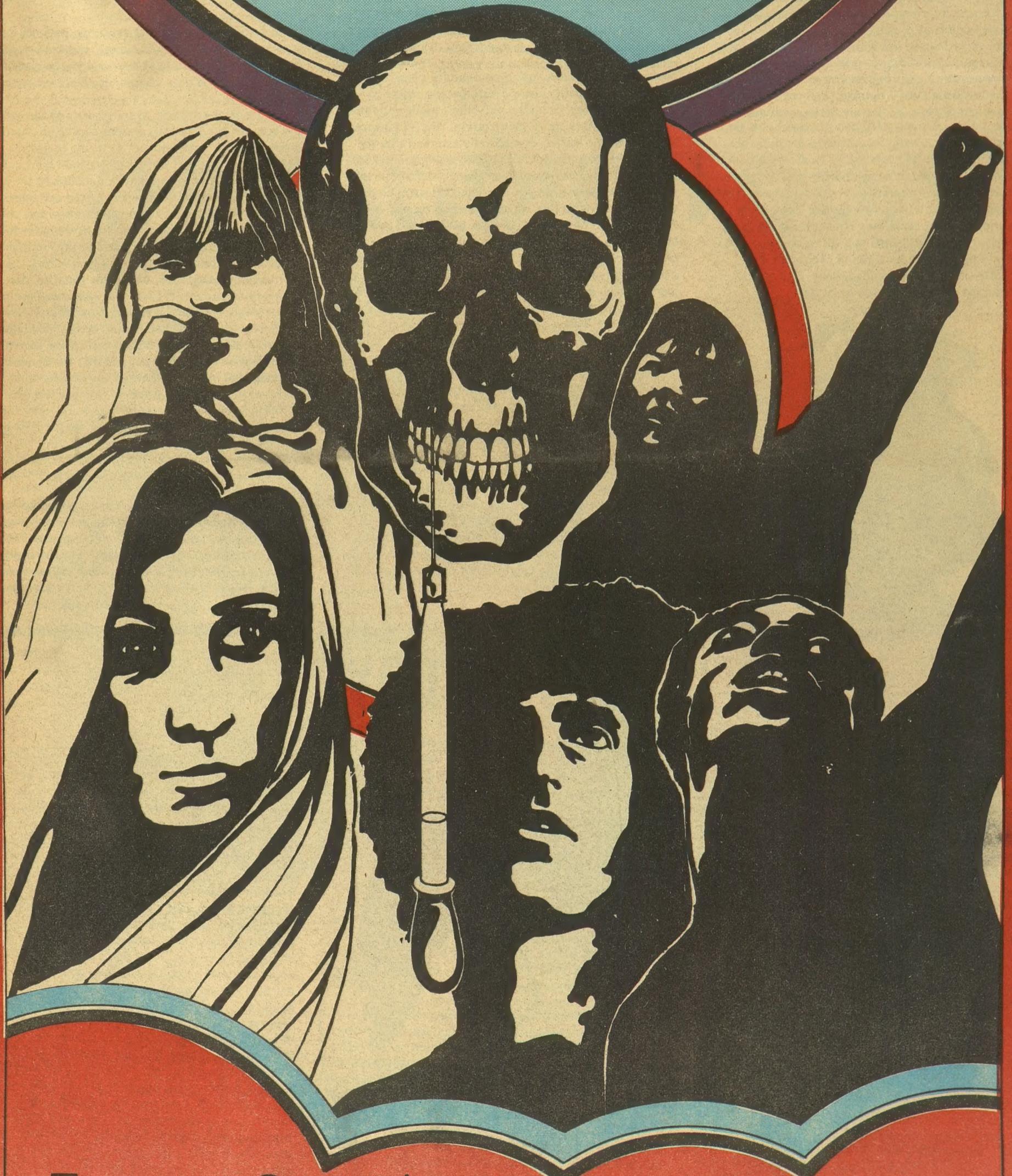


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SEED

Chicago Vol. 7 No. 13

35c



Fiction Supplement Inside

ALICE'S VISITED AND REVISITED

Thursday night, December 9th. There are fifty of us standing in front of Alice's, some of us passing out leaflets--telling people not to go in and why. A sign reading "Townley's Tap" is lowered from the Seed office front window. Really a fine sign. Spray paint goes up all over--"Townley is a Rip-off," etc. A gallon of white paint appears and the "Alices Revisited" sign as well as Alice's front windows are painted over. Alice's people mostly stay inside. Two pig cars show up and then another. The pigs disperse people and many seek sanctuary in Betty's--the restaurant at the corner.

Sunday night, Dec. 12th. A Seed meeting and we're having a disagreement, fight, contention. We can't get it together about what we want to say about the demonstration. Bernie feels very positive about it, Pat very negative. The rest of us are in various places in between. Finally, a compromise. As a more/less neutral person, I'll write the article, trying to represent as many of our different viewpoints as possible.

We're in accord about the grievances members of the community have against Alices--grievances that led up to the demonstration. Just in case you missed all the stuff in the last issue (Vol 7 number 12), here's a recap:

On the Night of Nov. 27, Danny Stalzer was maced and beaten by Ray Townley (Alice's manager) and Jerome, a staff member. Danny had tried to get in by giving Ray a donation of 85 cents (all he had). Alice's asks for "donations" instead of cover charges in order to avoid paying taxes. However, donations aren't supposed to be fixed amounts. Other community groups have given benefits and asked for donations but were willing to accept whatever money someone had (or no money at all) if the person didn't have the amount requested. Not Alice's. After beating and macing Danny, Ray and Jerome threatened to call the police so he split.



Lincoln Park people have been dissatisfied with Alice's for a long time and after hearing about Danny several of them got together and put out a leaflet calling for a demonstration on the 9th, the night when Alices was giving a benefit for themselves.

The leaflet explained that Alice's has been beating and calling the pigs on people ("bummers") for quite some time; that there are few nights anymore when anyone can get in to this "community center" without paying from \$2 to \$3.50; that women can't be in Alice's without being hassled--often by male staff members; that Alice's won't let community bands play, if they can get big-name groups; that people under 18 can't get in on weekends, and that the Alice's collective has become a hierarchical staff that hires shit-workers (which caused IWW to withdraw their union shop card).

The point of the leaflet and demonstration was to show that this community is aware of Alice's, and specifically, Ray Townley's hypocrisy. Alice's is a small business, not a community center. The old Alices on Lincoln Ave. was a community place, based on people, not profit. Lincoln Park people object to Townley and crew using the old Alice's name and fame.

The day before the demonstration, Ray and Jerome having seen the leaflet, immediately assumed that the Seed was responsible (only one Seed member worked on the leaflet). They made their own leaflet about Lies Inc. (The Seed) accusing us of paying off narcs or the CIA or someone so that we could smoke tons of dope in the office. They said we'd never been raided (we have been 3 times and once within the last year), that we never print articles, poetry or graffix done by anyone but staff members (that doesn't need an answer) and that half the pages in each issue are advertising copy (4 or 5 out of 32) essentially that we're making lots of money. I don't want to go into our always almost-disasterous financial situation, because it's not relevant. The point is that Alices tried to turn a community issue into a Seed-Alices feud.

Now for negative vibes about the demonstration. The most verbal person taking this position was Pat, so this is mostly what he feels. First, Pat agreed that community complaints about Alices were valid. He didn't feel good about the demonstration itself, both before and after it happened.

After both leaflets appeared, Pat went to talk to Ray. Pat wanted to avoid a feud that would drain community resources, time and energy. He proposed (as an individual) that a representative of Alice's, a representative of the anti-Alice people and a third party agreeable to both would try and work out acceptable settlements of the disputed points. Ray agreed, but the other side didn't, feeling that negotiations were fruitless since they'd been



going on off and on for over a year (in the now defunct community meetings for instance); and feeling that the demonstration would serve the function of dispelling the illusion that Alice's is a community place with community support.

At the demonstration, two members of the Seed staff and some of the Wobblies present expressed anger to Pat concerning his "interference" in trying to avoid a hassle.

Pat points out that Ray Townley kept his cool for once and didn't swear out any complaints to the pigs (Ray later admitted though, that he did call them.)

Finally, Pat felt that the demonstration was childish. There are a good many important things in the world to be indignant about and to take militant action about--many right here in Lincoln Park that are more oppressive than Alices, for instance, the Seminary restaurant. Pat felt that Alices was felt to be a safe target on which to vent frustrations--certainly not the broken heads that would be the inevitable result of pulling a similar action against the Seminary. (An objection to this last point is that the Seminary is a clear and obvious enemy of the people while demonstrators felt that Alices is "a pig in hip clothing.")

"With so many important things to do, why this? Because it feels good? Relieves your tension? To attack a personal enemy? Against the seriousness of the revolution these are not sufficient reasons. We need more than hollow fits of anger against easy targets."--Wobbly Murf.

So the demonstration is past history--good or bad--probably both. Alices got their sign and front windows cleaned up. Ray is still there. The community has pointed out Alice's and Ray's hypocrisy. The Northside Co-operative Ministry, who sponsor Alice's, are also upset with Ray and Alice's and plan to work something out.

--Virginia.

IN SISTERLOVE,

I was one of the women who participated most in the renaming ceremony. It was certainly obvious to everyone there that women were the heaviest participants, and I'm sure my feelings were shared by many of those Sisters.

If not for Alice's sexism, I wouldn't have been there. The action would have been a male freak trip (with or without male-identified freak women involved)--maybe necessary but irrelevant to me. But I did a great deal there, and I wish I'd done a lot more. Nothing I did or felt related to Alice's illegally required "donations", Ray's despotism, or the financial ripoff of the communities' memories of the original Alices. During those glorious, ecstatic moments in which I was dressing Alice's walls in my spraypainted fury and sisterlove, Alice's represented every time I'm hassled on the street, dozens of times a day; every time I take the El, always knowing I'm not allowed to ride in peace; every time I've been a victim of attempted rape--and every time any Sister has been raped or even hassled. Alice's represented every insulting caricature of womanhood; every time a Sister is drowned in shitwork; every time a Sister is set in competition with another Sister for male approval; every time a Sister cries silently and alone realizing she can neither hide from her exploitation nor deal with it. Alice's has caused every Sister's tears. Alice's caused all our exploitation, all our dehumanization, all our isolation from each other. Alice's is every male pig in the world.

Anything that oppresses my Sisters oppresses me, because our oppression is a unit; I refuse to be separated from my sisters. And when I have one of those few precious chances to strike back, I refuse to differentiate among my oppressors. One pig is all pigs. Alices

has been oppressing, exploiting, insulting my Sisters for at least 5,000 years. No one can dare tell me that other sexists may be worse, or that the heaviest retaliation inflicted anywhere approaches what they deserve



for the enormity of their crime. No one can dare decree from white male towers of privilege such liberal bullshit as that all us oppressed aren't justified in killing our oppressor, if that's what it takes to gain our beautiful

Selfhood.

The daily pain all oppressed people live with--poison we adjust to, like our air pollution, as it slowly chokes us to death--is a hell of a lot more important than any such chickenshit as ripoff music prices. For the men, Alice's sexism was a nice reason to add to the list explaining why Alice's is a no-no. (Anti-sexist rhetoric is starting to become fashionable.) The men have the luxury of protesting trivial ripoffs. The men have the freedom to have mixed feelings and second thoughts about the action. For white straight men, oppression is an abstract. Sure, they can "be on our side." But they can power-trip on believing they have the option of not supporting us. They don't live in constant fear, under split-level exploitation. They don't wake up each morning to face catching shit for just existing. They don't fight for emotional and physical survival every day--every damn moment if you count the vicious dehumanization that is fired in a continuous, unrelenting machinegun blast into our tattered brains.

I'm so high on tonight I'll be flying for a week. I can love my Sisters to the degree that I can hate every pig who hurts them. I can love my oppressor on a higher, human level to the degree that I can hate him for not being human.* I almost feel sorry for white straight men, who'll never know the joy of rage, who'll never know the self-realization of lashing out (emotionally or physically or both) at those who oppress you minute by minute, here and now. I almost feel sorry for them, who'll never really understand that anger is real love.

In Sisterlove,
Nachelka

*Animal liberation, forgive me for that.

OPERATION PEACE ON EARTH

There is no truth to the rumor that John Mitchell has finally fulfilled his Amerikan dream and created martial law. So if you happen to see a couple hundred men in military uniform stalking the streets of Chicago this week don't be alarmed. It will be us. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War. We will be conducting a limited incursion into the sanctuary of "Yule," ruled over by a pompous old fat man named St. Nick. Labelled "Operation Peace on Earth," this "active defense" operation will commence on Christmas Eve and wind up on New Years Eve. This operation is part of a national action that is also taking place in San Fransico, Killeen Texas and Valley Forge. VVAW members will be coming into Chicago from Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and downstate Illinois.

We have several good reasons for calling an action at this time of year. First of all, the GIs and the people of Indo-China cannot afford to wait for the anti-war movement to take action in the spring after hibernating through the winter. Hundreds of people are dying every day as thousands of tons of bombs are dropped on them and their lands. The bombing tonnage per week is the equivalent of three Hiroshimas. Electronic warfare, while decreasing U.S. casualties as is the air war, has made the murdering of the Indo-Chinese much easier and at the same time removes the guilt of doing so. It is much easier on a man's conscience to kill somebody when you are miles away from the scene. This ruthless and cold-blooded slaughter of the Asian citizenry by these

electronic gadgets makes the Nazi extermination of the Jews seem like a church social by comparison. The American people need to be awakened to this fact. They need to start caring for these people as much as they do for other Americans. If they continue to think that as long as GIs aren't getting killed as much as before & don't give one good God Damn about the thousands of civilians getting Offed by U.S. machinery, then once again we have failed to learn from our mistakes. And at the same time, all the work we've put forth over the past few years goes right down the drain. We do not intend to let Americans forget about the war as they greedily exchange expensive gifts, and stuff themselves with gigantic feasts. Instead of turkey or ham, we're going to cram this war right down their throats.

Another point to ponder. On New Years Eve, please, stop and take just one moment to think--if the Mansfield amendment had been adopted, every single GI would be home from Southeast Asia! And with them, every POW could be home also. The defeat of this amendment was bitter to take last summer. But now, when total withdrawal could have been a reality, this bitterness is increased a hundred-fold. The people of this nation are going to be reminded many times during this action that their sons, our brothers, could have been home with them this New Years. Also, if YOU plan to party on New Years, please have a drink, or take a toke, for our brothers still in the NAM.

While we do not expect miracles from this action,

we hope enough Americans become enlightened to the truth, and put more pressure upon Genghis Nixon to recall his "horde" from foreign soil.

Tentative target sites include Merrill-Lynch, who are Bull-shit for America, the War Museum of Science and Industry, the Induction Center, also known as Uncle Sam's Wholesale Slave Store, and Moody Bible's Kill for Christ Institute. Other targets, for tactical reasons, cannot be divulged at this time. We also have a couple of actions directed towards the non-VVAW community. On Christmas Night, we are going caroling and singing other-type songs on the North Side for our brothers & sisters whom we care about very much--YOU! You are also invited to join our ad-hoc community choir. On Sunday, Dec. 26th, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War are challenging the entire Chicagoland community to the most fiercest of combative trials--a gigantic snowball fight at Lincoln Park, starting at 2 p.m. So if you have got nothing planned for this day, come on over and have some fun. You will also get a chance to see and meet all the dropouts of the John Wayne-Audie Murphy Kill for Freedom Society. If we don't get to see you, have a Merry Humbug and a High New Years.

Hoa Binh
Bart Savage
Chicago Chapter
VVAW

P.S.: There is also no truth to the rumor that the only reason we are still in Vietnam is because Bob Hope would have nothing to do on Christmas.

THE NATION'S HOOP

And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth, you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead.

—Black Elk (1863-1950)

Black Elk was wrong. The nation's hoop is not broken, the people are not scattered. Not as long as the Chicago Indian Village continues its struggle in behalf of the Chicago Indian Nation. They're fighters and they're not going to give up. No more Wounded Knees, it's all Little Big Horns now!

Maybe some of you have been following it, the scanty news coverage of the American Indians in the straight press. The beautiful seizure of the Belmont Nike site for the Indians of Chicago, the vicious way the Chicago pigs attacked them, the trek outward to the land, the suffering and the incredible courage and endurance. It's no Trail of Tears, though, it's a Victory Trail.

There's a lot of land out at Argonne National Laboratories, the pig center of research into nuclear weapons, cybernetics for the power structure, and other secret military research. The thousands of acres there are locked up tight--guards and security fences everywhere. No admittance. Every single acre of that land was ripped off from the Sac/Fox tribe in the early nineteenth century. Now it's no admittance to Native Americans. There are twelve abandoned homes (in fair shape) on one corner of this huge pig preserve. Directly across the road, at 91st and Cass Avenues, there is a village, an Indian village. There are tepees set up, a small fire, going, and people, American Indians, there. Where did these Indians come from? Why are they here? Early this month, the Methodist bishop showed his real Christianity (during this joyous season) by taking the Indians to court and having the sheriff evict them from Camp Seager, where they had at least a roof over their heads. It was cold, real cold, that day. The people of the Chicago Indian Village, women, children, elder, walked seven and one-half miles to the new camp. It's a long, cold walk and they would never have made it if they hadn't helped each other--they're tough, real hard to beat down, as the pigs are beginning to discover.

As soon as they reached their new camp, they were surrounded by an enormous contingent of State Police and Argonne Security guards. The pigs are afraid, enormously threatened by Indians. Oppressors are always guilty--they know what they have done and are doing to the people. The Chicago Indian Village wants those

abandoned houses for the Indians of Chicago. Seems a modest request, doesn't it, from the people who inhabited (they never claimed private ownership of anything) this whole area a scant 150 years ago? As they sit out, cold and hungry, those twelve houses seem to sort of sum up the totally corrupt nature of a society in which people suffer while capitalists make enormous sums from war and exploitation. But they're not giving up and they're not going under and the nation's hoop is not broken as the Chicago Indians are joined by Wisconsin Indians and Michigan Indians and white supporters and just a lot of good people.

The braves are there and the young people are there and the dogs are there and every once in a while Indian hunters (they are the best in the world) will come in with a deer or a squirrel and there's fresh meat during a cold winter. A while back, Santa Claus came out to pay the children a visit and it was a trip. It's a beautiful scene, one that only attests further to what we always knew--that the people can't be beaten down and intimidated. Just think of it! A people against whom the United States launched a planned policy of genocide, whose numbers shrank from a pre-Columbus two million to 250,000 by 1900, is now fighting back. Oh, so far out!

But it's still cold out there at Argonne and the people are suffering. Heavily armed police keep a constant watch and often make threatening movements toward the village. The Indians are forced to sleep in a few old cars and that's miserable. The temperature the other night was 18 and the wind was coming up. And it's hard and there's not much food, and there are strong Indians there who are shivering at 3 AM under cotton blankets. And there are children there, and there's very little white liberal support. And the people are trying and they're not yelling real loud cause the Indians never went in, or that melodramatic shit. And it's cold, man, cold. And those abandoned houses could be a thousand miles away because they're protected by the guns of the oppressor. And some of the Indians are not well and they've got white man's diseases. And the Indians of the Chicago Indian Village are struggling with all that, and they're doing it all by themselves. And that, friends, is what courage and dignity are all about.

You see, a vision has been given to the Chicago Indian Village. And it's a vision that, unlike Black Elk's is going to be kept, not because it came from the Great Spirit, but because it came out of the people's needs. The vision is, roughly this: they want those unused

houses and that piece of land at Argonne for an Indian village. They want a home, a home where the American Indians, driven off the reservations by that repressive government that is coming down on us all, can come and be loved and (haven't we all heard it) determine their own destiny. And there would be all sorts of good things happening--the language reborn and used, and Indians from all tribes getting together and reestablishing social organizations and things that all thought were gone and the hoop would be mended and the people, Indian people, would be together. And there would be dancing and singing and Indians from all over the country would come and see and help in this new thing. And some white people might come and learn things that the Indian knows best--woodcraft, wildlife, natural beauty, sharing and common holding of all things, and a harmony with all between the sky and the ground. And yes, schools, schools for Indian children who are hounded out of the public system by taunts of "drunken Indian." Schools which teach the dignity and fineness of the Indian people, a great history. And a medical center where Indians could receive the treatment to which they have rights. Maybe the Indian average life span of 44 years (doesn't that say it all?) could be lengthened and the whole people given a new life. Sound far-out? It's not, the Chicago Indian Village is going to do it. They ain't turning around and that's all.

OK, so that lays it out--straight as I can make it. It's a struggle and we got to get up off our asses. It may sound corny but it's still true: "They're out there for us, we're in here for them" so let's give them some support. I mean, man, if you're into helping out some tucked-over people you couldn't do better. What does the Chicago Indian Village need besides people reading *The Seed* in their pads? Am I grating on your ass? Maybe so, but I know that *Seed* readers are good people, and that they're into helping. OK, a pot of soup would be the Nicest Christmas present you could give the Chicago Indian Village (don't forget some paper cups). Or if you can get in together, blankets, and other food would be groovy. Or, if you haven't got anything to give, give yourself. Go on out to Argonne (South on Cass Avenue, then left on Rist St.) and wish 'em the best and just show them that your heart is full for them. The campsite is not hard to find, just ask any pig in the area--they'll let you know where you can find those righteous American Indians, those folk who are putting the hoop all back together.

—Pathfinder & Big Arm

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Anything you've read about Lies, Inc. is all lies (Inc.) Special, special thanks to Betty and Jeff and Rubin & Justine & Christopher for having us over for a really scrumptious holiday dinner (Virginia even wore a skirt for the occasion...)

Anyway, here we are about to plunge into 1972--hope we can keep swimming the whole year.

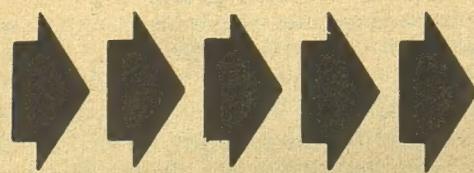
—U.M. Marykaye, Pat, Peter, Virginia, Rita, Bernie, Beckie, Stein, Maralee.

freebies--especially to the anonymous donor who sent us a \$50 bill, to the person who brought us six cartons of manila envelopes (so what if the return address is to the merchandise mart) and to the people in Racine who sent us Hanukkah candles and other assorted goodies.

Besides money we could use any and all office supplies (we've been giving the extras to other movement organizations), rapidographs, presstype, rubylith, magic markers, IBM selectric-composer typefont balls and ribbons, dog food, chairs, light bulbs, toilet paper, lamps, a mop, feedback, poetry, articles, graphix and photos, photography supplies and a conveyor belt.

Thanx go to Don, Tyrone, Gail, Dave Barson, Elena, the J.I. Rodale Memorial Commune, Mike Gold, Freddy, Dick Yippie, and all the authors and artists who contributed to our fiction supplement and to Trip, Mitru, Sammy and Crash for not shitting in the hall so much--and to Jamie for keeping his diaper on while in the office. Stories in the fiction supplement are copyright by the

WHERE HAVE ALL THE RADICALS GONE?



There were less than half as many american riots during the last two years than there were in the single year before. Old weathermen are off in the country frying organic beans with their gurus, as Mark Rudd plays lead guitar for a Canadian rock group. What happened?

Some blame the Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell conspiracy, others say extreme factionalism, still others bad vibes. Unfortunately they are all wrong.

THE REALITY:

In 1966, J.I. Rodale wrote a series of articles in his magazine *Prevention*. These articles were later expanded and incorporated into a book: *Natural Health, Sugar and the Criminal Mind*. (Pyramid Books, 1968). The following is part of the introduction to that book:

Napoleon, Ivan the Terrible, and Hitler, juvenile delinquents and hippies may have something in common--were they sugar drunkards?

YOU ARE THE FOOD YOU EAT!

Too many sweets, refined white sugar, candy, cakes, pastry, ice cream...the surprising result, lower blood sugar. Does it account for irrational behavior, crime, even disease?

In the first chapter, Rodale presents his theory:

In a paper read at the International congress of Social Psychiatry in London on August 21, 1964, the story of a bad boy named Michael was given. Michael was very quarrelsome and could not concentrate at school. He smashed his toys and pinched his brothers. He couldn't sleep. His hands trembled. He stammered and bit his nails... a week after the boy was stopped from having ice cream, biscuits, white bread, cakes, chocolates, milk chocolate and cereals, he became as good as gold. This is proof that you are what you eat, and very little else. Multiply Michael by twenty-five and you have a vicious mob of juvenile delinquents or a violent window-smashing group demonstration. Take a group of twenty-five such hoodlums and feed them properly for a few months. Then set them free. Will they then go about their lives without smashing window?... J.I. continues:

On December 4, 1964, I received a letter from Mrs. Floyd Huber of Perryville, Missouri: "For about three days I gave my son all the sweets he wanted during & between meals. No one could get along with him. He wouldn't mind. He would throw temper tantrums & break his toys. After the third day, I wouldn't let him have any kind of sweets what so ever. Within a few days, he became a different person. He no longer broke his toys, he would mind whenever you told him to do something. He just became a very docile person. I have restricted his intake of sweets ever since, and am very happy with the results."

And finally, Rodale presents his "final solution" to the Hippie problem, beginning with this first person account:



J.I. RODALE AND FRIENDS, SHORTLY BEFORE DEATH.

I am at San Francisco for the winter, and have been watching the strange carryings on of the beatniks or the "Hippies" as they are called here. It is a sad thing to watch the confused young people wallowing in the slough of uncertainty, living for the day only, while weakening their bodies with pot (marijuana) and LSD.

Yesterday there was a raid in a house in nearby Inverness in Marion County, where six hippy girls & thirteen hippy young men were found in the nude. An odor of pot permeated the place.

The raiders, according to the San Francisco Chronicle (March 10, 1967), found a typically filthy beatnik pad. It was filthy dirty. "The kitchen was a mess, the toilet was full and hadn't been working for a week."

They were typical hippies--beards, heavy shocks of hair, sandals, beads and bare feet...

Some of the hippies were sick with the flu and diarrhea. "All of us have broken away from our families," said a young girl.

THEIR DIET

Certainly these hippies were malnourished.

The kitchen was a mess. You can imagine what these young people are eating--mostly the quick "lifting" things, the ice cream cones, soft drinks, chocolate bars and hot dogs full of high powered destructive chemical additives, all the artificial "ready foods that must be dosed heavily with chemical additives to preserve them from becoming rancid..."

GIVE THEM DEFIANCE!

You can arrest these hippies all you want, but you won't cure them. For a cure I have an idea, and in this idea I make use of the fact that these young people are in defiance of something. So--channel their defiance in a worthwhile direction. Give them something to fight.

Here is the key to the entire plot:

Here is my plan: first let them keep their exaggerated hairdos and let them wear their bizarre clothes, but put both the boys and girls on farms to produce their own food.

Where does the defiance come in? Make use of the controversy going on as between the chemical and organic methods of farming and gardening...

The hippie boys and girls should eat up this kind of thing. It is something worthwhile to fight, a struggle against the big chemical dragons who have been weakening the bodies of our youth by not giving them good healthy fuel with which to stoke them!

So we get the hippies onto farms (the girls as well as the boys) where they are taught in classrooms the nature of the organic-chemical controversy. They are given a training sufficient in horticulture theory to be able to understand what is going on. They could be told that it is the vested interests in the chemical industry, the artificial fertilizer manufacturers, who control by their grant moneys the researches of the agricultural colleges. They should be taught that these big companies have done nothing to encourage fair farming trials to see which method is better.

Slowly they can be shown the dangers of too much sugar and starchy food in the diet. Slowly the diet on the farms will evolve into the perfect high-protein diet. You can't take all sugar away abruptly. It must be done gradually....

Just as J.I. planned, it was not necessary to arrest those "warlike hippies" and force them into organic penal colonies. They voluntarily flocked to the land of soybeans and wheatgerm. There to become docile, obedient little children. Just like the son of Mrs. Floyd Huber of Perryville, Missouri.

(as a footnote to this article, we would like to point out that J.I. Rodale appeared recently on the Dick Cavette Show. In speaking about his non-sugar high protein diet, he told Cavette and the audience, "I'll live to be a hundred, I'll outlive you all." Five minutes later, still on the show, J.I. Rodale died of a heart attack.)

--This article was written, researched and prepared by the J.I. Rodale Memorial Commune, 2550 N. Halsted, Chicago.

TROUBLE COMIN' EVERY DAY

When my friends first rapped about the idea of a collective I first thought it was an impossibility; after a month of hard thinking and changes, I decided to join. After checking out a few larger places we decided to stay in my old apartment because of the lower rent. Two women, two men in 3½ rooms figured to be a hassle but not an insurmountable one. Another man also moved in, so by the end of the month, my pad had become our pad. Records, beds and cloths were moved in; it hurt to have to give up the space I considered "mine" to "them" --it took time before the transition from "them" to "us" began.

After the first week it became obvious that there were some definite clashes between us. I was used to getting up early and living quietly, the others dug records, dope and staying up most of the night. Neither side was willing to compromise--"We wanna sleep!" "But music's part of our culture!" I was also very paranoid about the noise level, especially after a complaint from a neighbor. My constant bitching about it was a drag--more so because I was damn sure I was right.

But that became minor when we realized what the main source of friction was...that we were five people with five totally different concepts of what we felt our collective should be about. I had, for the most part, unformed politics, Mark was into tripping and actions, Jeannie was into "serve the people" programs, Larry was into writing articles for our street-sheet, music and dope, and Rick was into dope and music. Even with the things we all agreed to work on (such as our street-sheet and starting a community center) we could seldom agree on how we should carry them through. As a consequence, we weren't able to do much of anything.

Eventually our different lifestyles and our refusals to compromise disrupted the friendships that had begun. Mark and I

versus the "Noisy People", Jeannie and I versus the "Men Who Refused to Help with Women's Work;" The Stoned-out masses versus "straight Elaine", and Mark versus "the Old Left revisionists." As if that were not enough, Mark started to think in terms of himself and me as "the proletarians" versus Jeannie, Larry and Rich, "the bourgeois hippies." Whoever found her or himself against the wall for the moment was facing a united front, the only out being to get down on your knees and beg forgiveness. We spoke of criticism and self-criticism, but I cannot think of a time when we didn't play emotional war games.

The biggest hassle for me was my relationship with Mark. I had just gotten out of a heavy security-Love Story trip, and he became a substitute for my old lover. As I began to explore my feelings and look at myself as a woman, not half a relationship, I realized this and told him I didn't want to make it with him anymore.

Mark freaked; to him this was proof that I didn't dig him, period. He got into a heavy pity-trip about how he "wasn't a good enough fuck" and seriously considered leaving the collective. This was a hassle for me...to convince him that I cared about him without sleeping with him.

I got so involved with this that I began to forget the other people in the collective--unless they did something to affect me directly. We were all separated from each other--until we were faced with the first month's rent. Three of us got on Larry and Rick's case about paying "their share." They put in money slowly and reluctantly; we got fed up and confronted them with the facts that they were inconsiderate of the other members, lazy, sexist, and only into collective life as long as it didn't require a great deal of effort and discipline. The conflict divided us so that Jeannie, Mark and I told them to leave.

The "purge" did nothing except make the pad less crowded.

Our contradictions continued, and after a time it became evident that Jeannie and I were into different life styles; I was afraid to criticize and worked my fear into a dislike for her. Around the middle of November Jeannie, after discussing it with Mark, decided to move out. A few days later, what was once the foundation of a collective was now Mark and I.

For a while, we all felt pretty bad and thought of the whole thing as a failure, but we are learning from our mistakes. We now realize that problems should be dealt with as they arise, no matter how trivial they may seem. By making the streetsheet our top priority we ignored the personal hassles that should have been dealt with, but weren't. We tended to look at our collective as a small-scale revolutionary organization rather than as a whole new way of life. We learned that a collective way of life is not possible unless you know and trust the people you live with (and yourself). When we can learn to live together, there is no limit to what else we can do.

-Elaine

MEN'S GATHERING--a warm day in January to celebrate brothers gettin' together. Sunday, January 23rd. 3 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton Ave. There'll be film, theater, discussion. Also, bring poetry that you'd like to read, songs to sing, instruments to play, a tasty dish to share for pot-luck supper, and your friends. For more information, call Jimmy, Paul, Don at 477-3599. Child Care provided.

NUTRITION



VITAMINS

Vitamins are members of a team of nutrients that work together to keep our bodies functioning. They are catalysts that help to speed up the chemical reactions in the body. They do such things as helping to turn carbohydrates into energy, or helping to convert crude nutrients in the body into the tissues that make up our skin, bones, eyes, hair and teeth.

If we choose our foods carefully, we won't need vitamins supplements, except when we're ill. If you decide to take, be careful not to go overboard. Excess vitamins can be harmful. Use only natural vitamin supplements, not the laboratory made ones. Take them with meals your body will be able to digest them more easily that way.

VITAMIN A

Vitamin A is formed in our bodies from a yellow pigment, carotene, found in carrots, apricots, yams, all green and yellow vegetables, and seaweeds, the quantity roughly paralleling the intensity of the colors. We get vitamin A itself from such animal foods as liver and fish, liver oils, egg yolks, milk, cheese, butter, cream and from the leaves of the red raspberry plant.

Vitamin A deficiencies cause visual difficulties, skin problems, and abnormalities of the mucous membranes in the body.

The body's supply of vitamin A drops sharply during many infections and high fever, and when taking cortisone and other drugs. During these times get extra vitamin A. If you're well, get 5000 units of A per day (can be found in one serving of green beans, broccoli, squash, sweet potatoes, or apricots; much larger amounts can be found in one serving of green leafy vegetables such as chard or spinach); if you're sick, get up to 25,000 units per day. Larger amounts can be poisonous.

B VITAMINS

B vitamins are important in both our physical and mental lives. The right amount of all the B's allows us to be calm and together. If we lack some or all of the B complex, we are apt to feel depressed, tense, fatigued, even suicidal.

White sugar, white flour, white rice and white macaroni have the B vitamins processed out. Industry "enriches" them by putting back some of the B's but a lot are lost. And since some of the cheaper B's create a need in the body for other B vitamins (there are 13 different B vitamins, or more, in all) this loss can be very bad for us. So why take the nutrients out in the first place? The answer, as usual is that industry thinks its needs are more important than ours. Companies want to sell their products far and wide, so the products have to keep for shipping. And processed foods keep longer. In the same vein, we eat bread with most of the B's gone because the flour is ground by metal which gets so hot it destroys nutrients. Stone grinding is much more nutritious, but not as efficient, and in business it's efficiency that counts.

These foods are high in B vitamins:

Whole wheat, other whole grains, dried beans and peas, brewers yeast

dark green vegetables, mushrooms, molasses, wheat germ.

Milk, liver, yogurt, egg yolks.

VITAMIN C

Vitamin C is necessary for healthy bone, teeth and blood vessels. It is also important for the formation of collagen, a protein in normal skin, tendon, bone, and supportive tissues. Vitamin C is required in the metabolism of many substances in the body.

When poisons enter the body, adequate vitamin C often detoxifies them, making them harmless. It has been shown to help prevent and cause quick recovery from infections and diseases, when used in large doses.

Sources of C: dark green vegetables, citrus fruits, cauliflower, cabbage, strawberries, cantaloupe, tomatoes.

Eat these foods raw to get vitamin C.

VITAMIN D

Vitamin D plays an important role in the formation of bones and teeth by helping our bodies to use calcium. D also helps to relax nerves, give us energy and it aids in digestion.

The best source of vitamin D is sunshine. But there is strong evidence that sunbathing promotes skin cancer, so don't get too much sun. Eat foods high in D. They are:

fish liver oils, raw milk, eggs, liver
herring, liver, mackerel, salmon
tuna fish, sunflower seeds, alfalfa
sprouts and water cress.

VITAMIN E

Vitamin E is necessary for normal development and functioning of red blood, muscle cells, and other tissues. It also protects tissue fat substances from abnormal breakdown. It is essential for normal functioning of the heart and circulatory system.



DIETING

We're supposed to be Virginia Slim in Amerika. And so we diet. Its hard though.

The foodmakers and foodsellers are always tempting us. Candies and cookies are deliberately placed near the check-out counter so we'll grab at them while waiting. Canada Dry tastes "like love" they tell us, and we'll "come alive" on Pepsi. They offer us bottled and packaged replacements for the real thing, and in one way or another most of us get sucked in without knowing it. People often over eat and eat sweet stuff when anxious or frustrated. Amerika creates bad jobs, bad vibes, bad wars, bad schools and bad rules about how people should relate to each other, and then Amerika offers to relieve some of our tension with tranquilizers, aspirin, make-up, "escape-machines", t.v. dinners, nibbles, feasts and drinks. But Amerika never offers to quit doing what it is doing to us. We're not treated like people, we're treated like consumers. If we had a better life, many of us wouldn't try to consume our way into it, and we wouldn't overeat.

Infants get sugar in formulas and in bottled baby food. Kids get it when they're good. By the time we're adults, we NEED sweets, and we hook kids on them in turn. Kids get told, "Clean up your plate," and are praised for eating. Eating becomes a way of being good. In these ways, many of us were brought up to be overweight.

Women get it coming and going. If we're overweight, we are ridiculed. But we get whistled at and attacked when we're slim and "sexy" Since we've made ourselves over into their image, they think they own us. It's one reason why a lot of women sabotage their own efforts to lose weight.

We demand control over our bodies. We don't want to get fat because they threaten or seduce us into eating and drinking. But we don't want to be a "great body" either. We do want strong and healthy bodies. Insurance companies show that people who are 20% overweight die at a rate of 17% higher than people with normal weight. Fat makes us sick before it makes us dead. And fat is uncomfortable.

DON'T DIET unless you really need it. Then understand why you do gain weight and why it's hard to lose it. Start only when YOU want to lose. Don't get into diet pills. They're a bad trip. If you crash diet, you'll end up (if you can stick with it) weak, with vitamins and minerals stripped from your body. Pounds that go quick come back quick.

Eat well in small amounts, and eat good things. Real food with protein sticks longer than the other stuff, & you'll be less hungry when you're getting what your body needs. Cut out the bad stuff, the ice cream and cakes and donuts. Get exercise. This way it will be YOUR body when you're done dieting, not a vogue model body that's always up for grabs, and it will feel good.

It's not important how it looks to them, It's important how it feels to you.

Try to eat mostly: vegetables, eggs, tea; skim milk, lean meat, poultry, soy bean dishes, fish.

Eat sparingly: fruits, grains (breads, noodles, rice and cereals); oils, honey, cheese; and products of these foods, such as cakes and pies.

-the Women's Health Collective/Tribe

SOURCES OF PROTEIN	AMOUNTS: COMPLETENESS:	GRAMS
soybean flour, low fat	1 cup/complete	60
whole-wheat flour	1 cup/incomplete	8-12
wheat germ	1/2 cup/complete	24
brewers yeast	1/2 cup/complete	50
powdered skim milk	2/3 cup/complete	
instant		18
non-instant		35
egg	1/complete	6
milk, whole or skim	1 qt/complete	32-35
buttermilk	1 qt/complete	32-35
cottage cheese	1/2 cup/complete	20
natural cheeses	2 slices/complete	12-14
soybeans, cooked	1/2 cup/complete	20
peanut butter	2 tbsp/incomplete	9
cooked cereals	3/4 cup/incomplete	10-18
prepared cereals	1 cup/incomplete	1-3
navy or lima beans	1 cup/incomplete	6-8
macaroni or noodles	3/4 cup/incomplete	3-4
bread or bacon	1 slice/incomplete	2
nuts and seeds	1/2 cup/either/or	14-22
meat, fish, fowl	1/4 lb./complete	10-22*
brown rice	1 cup/incomplete	15

*Depending on whether it has little fat or much, and on boniness.

COMMUNITY NEWS

PROTEST POLICE HARRASSMENT OF GAYS

Twenty-four people marched on Saturday, December 18, to protest police harrassment of gay people. Most of the protestors were from gay liberation groups.

The marchers began at the Chicago Gay Alliance house at 171 W. Elm St. They were in very good spirits as they chanted and leafleted their way via Division St., Rush St., Bughouse Square, the Playboy Building, and the Lawson YMCA, ending with a one-hour picket in front of the 18th District Police Station on Chicago Ave. Women marched in front.

Some of the chants were:
 "Ho, ho, homosexual, the ruling class is ineffectual."
 "Two, three, four, five, Stop this pig harrassment jive."
 "Hey, hey, hey, Remember James Clay."
 "Gay, gay power to the gay gay people. All power to the people."

"Unite to fight gay oppression."

"Ho ho, hey hey, homosexuals are here to stay."

Many radical groups, especially in the Lincoln Park and Lakeview neighborhoods, were contacted before the march and urged to go from "Lip service" of gay liberation to "foot service," meaning joining the march. But only two people—one woman active in women's liberal and one man active in a radical Jewish group—joined the gay people.

The following leaflet was handed out along the way and presented to police officers at the 18th District Station:

TO THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT,
 18th DISTRICT STATION

The gay community of Chicago protest the intensified campaign of harassment directed at them by 18th district police in the past months. This warfare on gay people must be stopped!

WE DEMAND THE RIGHT TO BE GAY ANYTIME AND ANYPLACE!

In order to guarantee our freedom to live we demand of police:

1. STOP harassment of gay men through enticement and entrapment and arrests on the charges of solicitation.

2. STOP sexual extortion of gay women. Incidents have been reported where lesbians wearing gay liberation buttons were told they would be charged with loitering unless they submitted to officers' sexual demands.

3. STOP the intensified harassment of third world gays. At present they are subject to more frequent arrest, heavier charges and more severe sentencing, often for the "crime" of walking through mainly white neighborhoods.

JAMES CLAY, A BLACK TRANSVESTITE, WAS MURDERED NOVEMBER 25, 1970, BY POLICE. OFFICERS JAMES FINNELLY AND THOMAS BOWLING HAVE NEVER BEEN BROUGHT TO TRIAL!

4. STOP demanding sex from, arresting, beating & killing transvestites. Arresting gay people for wearing "attire of the opposite sex" is as ridiculous as arresting straight women for wearing "male attire."

5. STOP intimidating and arresting gay people for showing affection in public. Gays get arrested for holding hands and kissing; heterosexuals would never be noticed for these acts.

6. STOP callously standing by while gay people are being beaten and maimed almost daily by uptight straights.

7. STOP demanding payoffs and raiding gay bars. At present, bars are the only institutions where we can gather and act as gay people.

8. APPOINT a group of ombudspeople chosen by the gay community to communicate their complaints to the police. This group should have equal numbers of women and men and half of each should be third world gays.

As a first show of willingness to change we further demand that a police-community workshop be scheduled no later than one month from today in order that the police department can enumerate the changes in policy they have made in response to us.

—Gay Women's Caucus, Third World Gay Revolution Transvestite Legal Committee, Gay Peoples Legal Committee, Radicalesbians, Chicago Gay Alliance, Univ. of Chi. Gay Liberation, Gay Liberation Front, Gay Members of Youth Against War and Fascism.

BRINGING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

It seems the final chapter on the Mountain-Mountain Bus conflict is about to be written.

In the last exciting issue of the Seed, we discussed Windfall records' lawsuit against Mountain Bus—how Windfall said their group, Mountain, had the exclusive right to use the word mountain, and how Mountain Bus had to pull its record off the stands and either change their name and image or disband. Not having the cash to fight the suit, the Bus broke up.

On Thursday, Dec. 16, Mountain came to Chicago to play a top priced gig at the Auditorium Theatre. By that time, a lot of flack had come down against Mountain and Windfall Records. About a half-dozen stores refused to carry Mountain's new album (The Seed refused to run a full-page ad), and, when Mountain was mentioned at the Dr. John-Ali Ce Cooper concert, the preceding Monday, they received more boos than applause.

Despite published reports quoting members as saying they didn't know about the lawsuit until they read about it in the Seed that Thursday, Mountain had asked the Bus to play with them at the beginning of that week. The Bus refused to play unless Mountain would both pay for the gig and pay their legal fees as an act of good faith. Mountain refused, evidently feeling a little good publicity wasn't worth handing out less than half of the \$10,000 they were to pick up for Thursday night's work. They showed up at the Auditorium Theatre Thursday afternoon to run an equipment check.

One of the Auditorium people handed Leslie West a copy of the last Seed, and he read the article describ-



ing how they were fucking the Bus over. West, in turn, showed the article to Felix Pappalardi, who immediately flipped out. At this time, one of the Auditorium people mentioned there had been several calls made suggesting that if Mountain didn't cancel out or turn over their entire pay to the Bus, there might be some sort of violence.

Mountain didn't even return to their hotel rooms; they went straight to the airport.

The next day, Howard Stein called Al Krockey, head of the defunct community record company, Good Records (who were also put out of business by the lawsuit). Stein said that he, too, thought the lawsuit was a pretty shitty thing and that he was looking into the possibility of putting together a benefit for Mountain Bus, possibly booking Mountain.

Unfortunately, the Bus no longer need a benefit. They need a requiem.

Thursday afternoon, the lawsuit was settled. Since neither the Bus nor Good Records could afford to defend themselves against the suit, Windfall Records got what it wanted—the exclusive use of the word "mountain", the destruction of a community rock band and some 1,000 unsold copies of the Mountain Bus record.

If it is true that Mountain didn't know about their label's suing the Bus, they should sue Windfall over all the bad publicity they have received. Until then, maybe Mountain had better not think about returning to Chicago.

As Mayor Daley would say, "da will of the people of dis great city have spoken."

—Mike Gold



HANRAHAN BOUNCING

Always keeping the Seed's best interests in mind, the Cook County Democratic Slating Committee gleefully bumped Edward Hanrahan from their ticket just in time for these very words to be laid out on this page.

Mumble, mumble. So you're sure they dumped Hanrahan, huh?

Well, maybe, but Hanrahan sez he's going to run in the primary anyway. By the time you read these words, the deadline for withdrawing from the primary race will have passed, so if Hanrahan was "persuaded" to drop out of the race, you will know the Democrats are pure of heart and your confidence in the Chicago Election Process need not be shattered.

But if he doesn't drop out of the race you might see that Hanrahan wasn't really dumped at all. The primary fight happens in March, which gives the current State's Attorney three months to convince Judge Romitti of his virgin-white innocence. If Hanrahan is cleared in the courts by March, Ray Berg, the regular democratic candidate, could lose the primary.

And if Hanrahan isn't cleared but wins the primary anyway, the democrats would probably not fear his running. Their worry is that if they—the democrats—would lose the State's Attorney's office next November, some republican or independent will win and use his post to investigate all the evilness of the democratic machine.

By holding off Hanrahan in this manner, the democrats are merely protecting their collective asses.

Crafty little devils, aren't they?

—Mike Gold.



Come. Be welcome. Visit the **SUN & EARTH**. Hours: noon-11 pm, 7 days a week

SUN & EARTH natural foods 664-4140 In Piper's Alley 1608 North Wells

Grand Funk

Now, to turn a page of a closed book. Page one of what is considered to be a closed book to many rock reviewers, Grand Funk Railroad. You see, GFR has been getting a lot of flak from those "in the know" for being uncreative rip-off superstars, etc. Such is the accusation. Fifteen million GFR records sold in two and a half years. Such are the facts. I'm not sure. I don't know. A lot of people are getting into Grand Funk, so it's best to listen to them and find out what's goin' on.

E. Pluribus Funk (Capitol Records SW 853) Grand Funk's sixth album is the first one by them I've really listened to. This just could be rock n' roll.... "Foot-stompin' Music" has an interesting sonic drive to it. A good beginning, so get up and start stompin'. "People, Lets Stop the War" is to be played way up. Grand Funk ventures into politics here with lyrics like:

If we had a president that did just what he said

The country would be just alright and no one would be dead From fighting in a war that causes big men to get rich There's money in them war machines, now ain't this a bitch, oh. People, lets stop the war...

I don't think we need presidents at all. "I Come Tumbling" shows that even Grand Funk has a rising consciousness about women:

...Half the people are never knowing and never caring and never showing Their love for sisters as well as brothers Let's teach our children to love each other.

"Save the Land" is a warning about the ecosystem and how it's getting messed up. "Take a stand and save the land." It's time to take care of the earth. "No Lies" has interesting lyrics too:

We don't need no leader to tell us what's wrong We need love in the country So we can get strong.

The last cut on the LP "Loneliness" is the best cut, I think. It has an epic quality to it that reminded me of the Beatles "A Day in the Life" or Simon & Garfunkel's "The Boxer." Here Grand Funk joins the latter in the good use of an orchestra. Very good.

I'm still not sure and I didn't know whether or not Grand Funk can be exalted as what some people think they are. Perhaps it is best to tread with caution. E Pluribus Funk is out. Maybe you'd like to get it. Maybe. What do you think?

--Uncle Martin

100 & 1st

I'm discovering more and more theatre groups around. Lots of good talent and new ideas that are available for much less bread than straight theatre. Dec. 10, I went to see the New Chicago City Players perform Kenneth Cameron's The One Hundred and First, a "burlesque of the problems of social aid."

The play, about New York's annual charity contest for the hundred neediest cases, operates on two levels--it can be taken at face value as a very funny slapstick comedy about poor people trying to rip off the System. This was my reaction at first. But after awhile, a hideous feeling started to creep into my head. The play became horrible and gruesome because it was dealing with reality. Like a very sick joke. And I realized that the slapstick involved hysteria.

Welfare, suicide, alcoholism, prostitution and finally, the policeman as murderer (flashes of Hampton-

Clark)--all this was laid on us, the audience, as we sat there, almost touching the players. Very heavy indeed.

When the play was over, the cast and some of their co-players did improvisations meant for closed circuit TV. Their director described situations and they played them--changing scenes and performers without losing the rhythm. The players were clever and quick on the uptake. The last improvisation (two old ladies at a health gym meeting up with an 85-year-old rapist) was really fine ending.

The One Hundred and First and improvisations (different each night) will be performed during the rest of December and throughout January at 8:30 p.m. The New Chicago City Players can be contacted at 615 W. Wellington (929-0542). If you can scrape together \$2.50, it's a nice way to spend an evening.

--Virg.

Pulman Strike

For those interested in the neglected but important field of labor history The Pulman Strike by Rev. William Carawardine is a most interesting book indeed. This slim volume, a facsimile production of the 1884 analysis of conditions that lead to the great railroad strike. The importance of this strike which involved Eugene Debs' American Railway Union, as IWW historian Fred Thompson points out in the cover notes, was that this was the action which in large measure determined the course of American Unionism. The ARU was one of the first attempts to organize an industrial rather than craft union in a basic industry. Railroad workers had always been divided into a number of small craft unions (engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, mechanics, etc.) and although these railway unions were called the aristocracy of labor by the press, they had seldom won a strike. By keeping the workers divided the Railroad bosses could resist the demands of their workers. TARU as a terrific threat to this system. It was also a very popular union. After winning strike in the west it became involved in the Pulman strike when it ordered no ARU members to work

of Pulman, Illinois, was an observer of the deplorable living conditions that lead to the strike. This record of the arrogance and greed of George Pulman was couched in the language of a 19th century version of the liberal preacher, but it provides the best account we have of the why of this important strike. The book is illustrated with sketches and is a fascinating and fast reading background study to this turning point in American Labor history.

Almost as interesting as the book is the publishing on trains with Pulman cars to support the striking Pulman workers. The strike spread like wildfire. Injunctions were issued, federal troops mobilized (In Illinois over the protests of Governor John Peter Altgeld). Men were killed, the strike dragged on, and Debs was sent to prison along with other top ARU officials. In the end, although some concessions were won the ARU was broken and the labor movement fell almost by default to Samuel Gompers' American Federation of Labor and the conservative craft union approach.

Carawardine, a local minister in the company town

company which put it out. The Charles H. Kerr Co. is the oldest radical publisher in this country. Started in the early 1880's it was responsible for publishing the first American editions of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels and has to its credit a number of major works by American radical figures through the 1920's. Many of these rare and otherwise unavailable books are still in stock at Kerr Co. After standing virtually idle for a number of years, the Kerr company was recently reorganized by radicals concerned with the preservation and extention of this priceless resource. The reprint of The Pulman Strike represents the first in a series of such reprints they plan to put out. The next reprint looks to be a long awaited sensation--the republication of the auto biography of Mother Jones, the almost legendary woman organizer whose colorful life included the bitter fights to bring industrial unionism to the coal field and the founding of the IWW. Kerr Co. also plans to distribute an Austin Texas reprint of Ralph Chaplin's classic study of the IWW Seattle Free Speech fights.

--Wobbly Murf.

Bengla

Well, the record of the century has been released. A benefit three record set for Bengla Desh, the now victorious government out there in the mid-southern-east Asia (victorious "with a little help from their friends") It's the biggest thing since the little dog first stuck its snout into RCA's gramophone.

George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Leon Russell, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, Ravi Shankar, Billy Preston. The list sounds like Billboard's Hot LP chart.

Ever hear the one about too many cooks spoiling the broth? Well, Bengla Desh ain't that bad, although it is amazingly unspectacular. There is almost no material on this set which does not appear on earlier individual records, and what was performed at the benefit didn't sound nearly as good as the studio versions.

There are exceptions -- notably Shankar's side and Russell's dynamite version of Jumping Jack Flash, but as a whole the record is overwhelmingly redundant. Harrison never sounded as bad, and Clapton really doesn't sound at all. Dylan performs five songs he recorded for Columbia some five years ago, and even his new, smooth country voice doesn't make them sound any different.

Bengla Desh is not a bad record -- it would have sounded better had we not been given the hype for the past four and a half months, but it is not worth the \$10.00 -- \$12.00 you are going to have to put out for it. There are better records to buy for that kind of money.

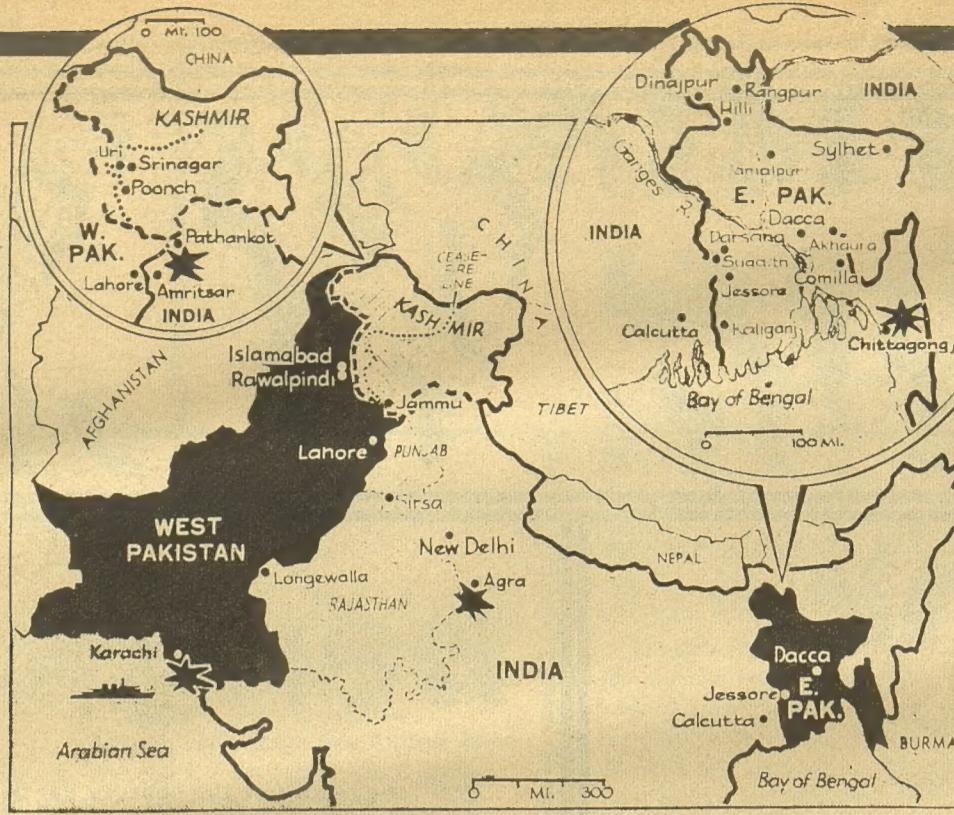
Unless you want to support Bengla Desh. That's another matter.

This record is going to clear at least \$4,000,000 for the new nation, a nation whose enemies, you'll recall, Nixon supported. It shows an interesting breakdown -- Dinosaur America gives its support to Pakistan, Young America gives its support -- at least \$4,250,000 worth (counting the benefit receipts but not the movie) to Bengla Desh.

All those millions will certainly come in handy. Eat shit, Nixon the kids would rather throw their support behind George Harrison.

Mike Gold

desh



The Ten million Bengali refugees who flooded into India had left even worse horrors behind—one of the most brutal military occupations in modern history: rapes, plunder and the massacre of perhaps a million Bengali civilians as the West Pakistani army clamped down on the rebellious Bengali colony. Tanks blew holes through student dormitories at night. East Bengali teachers, doctors, writers, and lawyers faced wholesale liquidation. And it was open season on the poorest member of East Bengal's Hindu minority—thatchmaker, potter, weaver, cobbler or landless peasant.

Nine months after the blitzkrieg, in the name of the battered refugees we've heard so much about, India launches an all-out war to "liberate" Bangla Desh (which the Pakistanis still consider East Pakistan). It promises to be bloody, brief, and very profitable for the Indians. New Delhi makes no secret of its intention to install a friendly East Bengali government stocked with politicians who will remember who set them up. Vastly outnumbering the Pakistanis in arms, munitions and troops, the Indians chances look very good. War begins. And back in the United States, the mass media leaves everyone confused.

When the British left South Asia in 1947, they carved up colonial India into two hostile countries, India and Pakistan. Hindu territory became India. The British tied the East Bengalis (Muslims) across a thousand miles of India territory to Muslim peoples of a different culture, different language, different history and different interests.

East Pakistan was a virtual colony of West Pakistan from the beginning, and a West Pakistani elite of 20 wealthy families has ruled both regions since independence. Capitalists of the West owned nearly all the industry and major agriculture in the East, used the East as a captive market for the West's shoddy and over-priced manufactured goods, and appropriated most funds acquired through foreign aid and from trade in jute—East Bengalis' principal product—to finance development of West Pakistan.

Economic exploitation of Bangla Desh went hand in hand with racist and chauvinistic attitudes of West Pakistanis. Less than 10% of the military jobs, 16% of the civil service jobs, and virtually none of the middle or upper level government jobs went to the Easterners (60% of the country's population.)

Since independence, West Pakistani capitalists have run the show while the elite of East Pakistan—small factory owners, traders, and the educated middle class—looked enviously on. For the vast majority of the Bengalis (peasants, small artisans and unskilled laborers) it was a period of cruel poverty. Even the rich productivity of Bengal's land could barely support the 75 million Bengalis, packed into a region the size of Louisiana, and at the same time fatten West Pakistani belts.

The first two decades of Pakistan's history were a series of palace intrigues in West Pakistan designed to prevent general elections, which would have given an absolute majority to the Bengalis. General Yahya Khan, who came to power in 1969 in the wake of a country-wide student uprising, was forced to schedule elections a year ago in an attempt to contain a mass movement that had grown to include strikes by workers and increasing disaffection in the middle class.

But the Awami League of Sheik Mujibur Rahman swept the elections in East Pakistan by campaigning for economic and political autonomy for the East. Representing the interests of the ambitious but shackled East Pakistani elite, the Awami League had become the most powerful political party in all of Pakistan, ready to dominate the National Assembly if it was ever allowed to meet.

On March 26, Yahya outlawed the Awami League and all political activity in Bengal. On March 27, clandestine radio declared an independent Bangla Desh and Awami League committees took control over most of East Pakistan. Yahya gave the go-ahead for the ruthless suppression of the revolt. Tikka Khan, later known as the butcher of Dacca, sent his 70,000 man force in Bengal to work, and, thanks to the Awami League, the Bengalis could scarcely fight back. The sole Bengali regiment of Pakistan's army was liquidated. All open resistance was crushed. Even Bengali police were murdered if caught.

Within days, Pakistan drove the Bangla Desh movement underground. Mujibur Rahman was jailed and charged with treason. Guerrilla forces, with few arms and little organization, begin to fight in the countryside depending on only the Bengali people for their support.

Meanwhile, as guests of the Indian ruling class, the surviving Awami League leadership set up shop across the border in Calcutta, the largest city and capital in West Bengal, an Indian State. While Marxist guerrillas initiated people's war in East Bengal, the Awami Leaguers proclaimed themselves the Provisional Government of Bangla Desh and sent envoys around the world for public relations. India happily recruited, trained, and equipped a "liberation army" from the ranks of the refugees. It was, of course, carefully screened to keep out anyone with a radical past.

The cost of supporting the refugees, even in squalor, is enormous—hundreds of millions of dollars that India can ill afford. The longer India held off an invasion, the better the chance that the Bengali people would accept no other leadership than the revolutionary guerrillas whose commitment to liberation had already been proven in the countryside. For example, the Communist Party of East Bengal/Marxist-Leninist (and sort of Maoist) had the foresight to go underground before the civil war began and has worked with the people ever since.

Besides, which, India has a Bengali problem of its own. The Indian labor movement is stronger and more militant than ever; wildcat strikes occur daily, and in the first half of 1971, Indian capitalists lost 19 million working days because of strikes. West Bengal, where wages are one third what they are in the rest of India, is the most volatile Indian state. Like East Bengal, it is exploited by non-Bengalis and India's rulers know it is a powderkeg. Calcutta, is the scene of almost daily riots and violent strikes.

The Indian army has been running the state administration for months and Sikh battalions of Indian Federal troops have policed West Bengal since the Naxalites, a Maoist guerrilla force, began a series of armed actions over a year ago. West Bengal also has a large Communist Party of India (Marxist) committed to the overthrow of both Yahya Khan and Indira Gandhi, but for now it is hesitant to declare in favor of a decisive confrontation with the Indian government.

The humanitarian roots of India's decision to attempt dismemberment of its old rival Pakistan are nowhere to be found.

There are a lot of dirty hands in this war.

A large part of India's much-needed financial aid comes from the Soviet Union. This year the Soviet Union signed a 20-year treaty of "peace, friendship, and prosperity" with India. Among other things, the agreement calls for mutual support in the event of a third party attack.

The Soviet Government started to aid India economically and militarily in the fifties when threatened by U.S. involvement in India.

China has been allied with neighboring Pakistan since 1962 when Indian forays into China almost sparked a full scale war. This spring, China reaffirmed a \$210 million aid commitment, which included Chinese planes and

PAKISTAN

THE PAWN

guns as well as monetary support. This money helped keep Pakistan's economy afloat after its almost complete disruption by the civil war.

Neither China or the Soviet Union are in positions to easily change long-time policies or condemn their own capitalist ally in South Asia. But in some battles, Chinese and Soviet arms must be pitted against each other, in support of two countries both claiming the right to exploit Bangla Desh.

To add to the confusion, the Pakistani regime has been allied to the U.S. for some 20 years.

U.S. economic aid to Pakistan has passed the billion dollar mark, and Nixon's last aid bill called for \$225 million in one year. Since 1950, the U.S. has trained over 4000 Pakistani officers.

The Pakistani military is virtually at U.S. disposal through treaty organizations like SEATO and CENTO. The U.S. had been negotiating with Pakistan about the establishment of a naval base at Chittagong and Awami League leader Mujibur Rahman was enthusiastic about the proposal.

And largely through U.S. dominated agencies like the World Bank, America has maintained some control over the shape of the Indian economy.

After the initial suppression of the Bengali rebellion, some members of America's decision making elite were for supporting an independent Bangla Desh—but under the Indian-supported Awami League.

Professor Edward Mason, chief architect of the Harvard-Ford Foundation development program for Pakistan and a long-time advisor to the State Department and World Bank, recommended that the U.S. discontinue its large-scale aid to West Pakistan because "otherwise we will drive East Pakistan into the arms of another power, the USSR or China."

But at this point Nixon has not moved much in any direction. If East Pakistan ever got loose from the West, began to purchase better quality goods at lower prices of the world market and sold its jute through Indian channels—and even the Awami League demanded these concessions from the West Pakistanis—it is doubtful if anything could have held West Pakistan's economy together. It already faced a serious threat from a militant workers' movement and dissatisfied ethnic minorities.

The U.S. has decided, almost by default to stick by West Pakistan rather than risk support of a Bangla Desh which did not yet "exist" and whose ultimate friendship could not be counted on.

It is not inconceivable that the Bengali "liberation army" so carefully screened by India will attempt to wipe out more revolutionary forces with help from the Indian army if that becomes necessary, in order to maintain the Awami League's self-proclaimed position as the legitimate government of Bangla Desh.

But there's also the possibility that those forces inside Bangla Desh will be able to fight back; that this war will develop into something that India can't control.

--LNS

December 10: Indira Gandhi announced that Pakistani forces had surrendered unconditionally in East Pakistan (after India's multi-front attack). Dec. 17: West Pakistan and India agreed to a ceasefire (W. Pakistan had no choice.)

Bangla Desh is now independent from West Pakistan. In Calcutta (India) there is a provisional government made up of mostly Awami League members, ready to be installed in Bangla Desh. In West Pakistan, Mujibur Rahman (former East Pakistani leader) is in prison and may have already been executed.

West Pakistani leader Yahya Khan has resigned and has been replaced by a bigshot politician, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. Bhutto pledges to do everything to re-unite his country and Bangla Desh (i. e., he pledges to try to take over Bangla Desh.)

America lost face all around, especially in India, after Nixon sent the aircraft carrier, Enterprise into the Bay of Bengal. China suffered a strategic setback, but less than America's.

The Soviet Union came out smelling like a rose in India's eyes. The war has been an incredible conflict between Pakistan's vicious suppression of the Bangla Desh rebels and India's calculated military aggression to dismember the Pakistani state.

You Don't Need A Rabbit To Know Which Way

For most women, getting a pregnancy test is a hassling and mystifying experience. You have to find a doctor or lab or clinic, shell out between \$5 and \$15 and often have to wait three days for the results.

But we've discovered that anyone can do a reliable pregnancy test with one of the several commercially available pregnancy test kits at a cost of about \$1 a test.

Hopefully, in the future, low cost individual tests will be developed which will make it possible for any woman to do her own urine pregnancy test at home. Until then, we want to encourage groups of women in high schools, workplaces and communities to learn to do pregnancy tests using one of the kits and let other women who live and work around you know that they can come to you for a reliable, low cost pregnancy test.

As far as we know there are two major brands of urine pregnancy tests that are available in kit form: Gravindex (made by Ortho), and Pregnosticon (made by Organon.) There is another test, UCG (distributed by Wampole Labs) which takes two hours to do. The major advantage of the UCG test is that it can detect pregnancy about 10 days earlier than the other two tests.

Since we have been using the Gravindex test, most of what we say pertains specifically to that test. However, all the tests work on the same principle, all come with instructions and all are very easy to learn.

We buy our kits directly from a surgical supply house. In some places you may be hassled; you may, at first, need a friendly doctor or free clinic to help you purchase the kits.

The price of a 50 test kit of Gravindex varies from state to state. We pay about \$50 for the materials to do 50 tests.

What the test does is detect a hormone (HCG, short for human chorionic gonadotropin) which is excreted in the urine when a woman is pregnant. It takes a while for the level of HCG to build up after conception so it can be detected in the urine. As a general rule the test is not effective until 13 days after the first missed period or 42 days from the first day of your last menstrual period.

It is important to stress that these guidelines represent an average. That is, they assume a 28 day cycle when in fact many women have shorter or longer cycles. It's also likely that some women may produce a higher level of HCG earlier in their pregnancy than others.

The Gravindex kit contains:

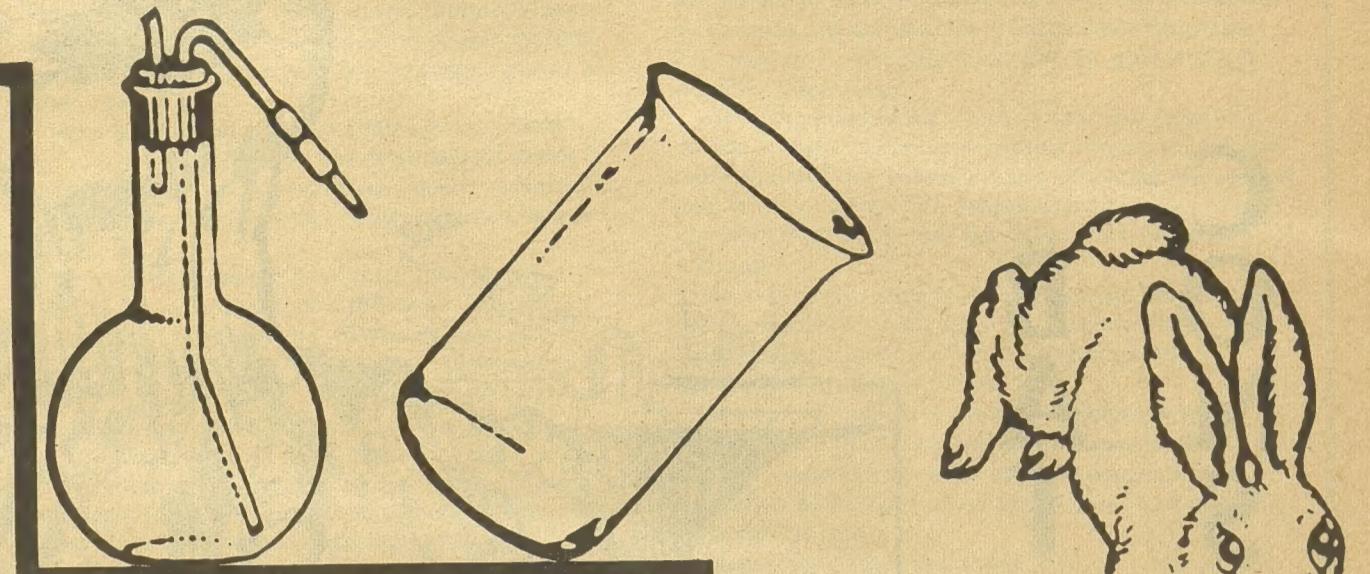
-2 small bottles of chemicals; antiserum (a clear solution with a black eyedropper), and anti-gen (a white solution with a white eyedropper).

-One black slide with two red, squared off areas, either of which can be used to combine the urine and the chemicals.

-Small disposable wooden sticks to mix the urine and chemicals.

--Disposable plastic tubes (like straws) plus two rubber tops. (You put the rubber top on the plastic tube and use it like an eyedropper to get one drop of urine from the sample.)

Keep the chemicals refrigerated when not in use, it is important that the chemicals be at room temperature when you do the test. (You can warm them by rubbing the bottles between your hands, or by taking them out of the refrigerator about 15 minutes before trying them.)



Disposable plastic cups are good for collecting urine samples. Waxed cups are not good because the wax melts from the warmth of the urine.

Use a morning urine sample for the test. The urine that is passed first thing in the morning is more concentrated; therefore there will be more HCG in it which should lead to clearer test results. If a woman brings a morning sample with her she should refrigerate it during the day if the test won't be done till the afternoon or evening.

You'll need paper towels for drying the slides and lens paper if you know someone who works in a lab--otherwise, get the stuff you use for cleaning eyeglasses). Don't wash the slides in detergent; you can clean them well if you let lots of fast running water flow over them. If you use soap you must be very careful to rinse the slide very well because otherwise it will interfere with the chemical reaction.

How to do it--

--Have all your materials set up on a table. Make sure that chemicals and urine are at room temperature. Put the rubber top on one of the plastic tubes and, using it like an eyedropper, take up some urine from the sample and let one drop fall in the middle of one of the red boxes on the slide from a distance of at least an inch (from now on we will call this a free falling drop). The point is not to let the eyedropper or the tube touch the slide. This insures accurate measurement of drops and prevents the fluid on the slide from backing up into the dropper.

--Add one free falling drop of antiserum (black dropper) to the one drop of urine.

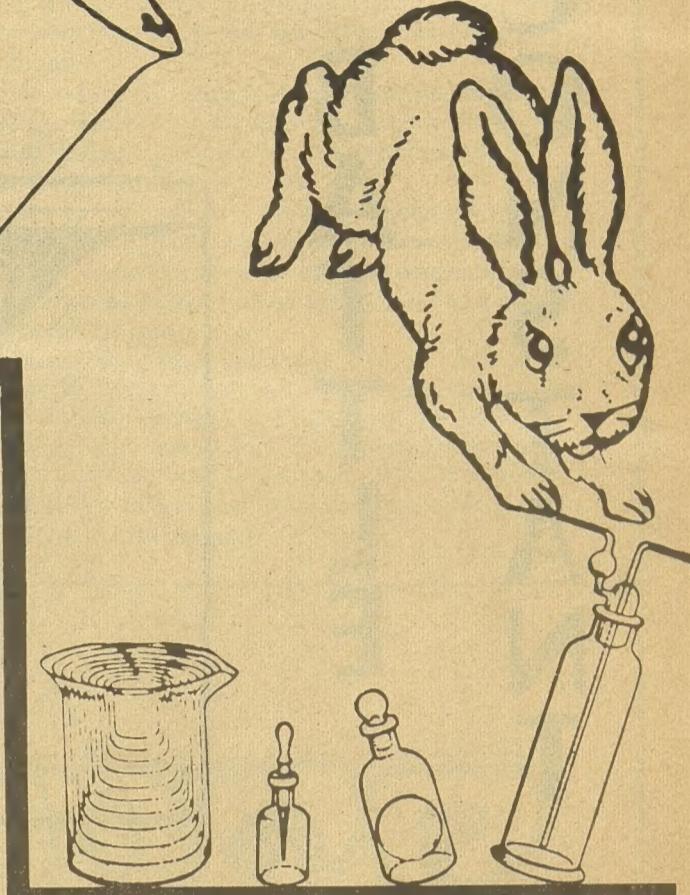
--Mix it well with the wooden stick and tilt the slide back and forth (very slowly and gently) for 30 seconds.

--Add two free falling drops of thoroughly shaken antigen (white dropper) and mix it well, spreading it over the entire square.

--Tilt the slide slowly and gently so that the mixture of urine-antiserum-antigen barely moves on the slide.

If the test is negative (if the woman is not pregnant) agglutination will occur within two minutes of the final mixing--usually between 45 seconds and a minute and a half. The solution on the slide gets a definite grainy, sandy texture. In a positive test, where no agglutination occurs, the solution retains its uniform milky quality. For best results, examine the slide under a direct light source--fluorescent lighting is preferable.

It is often best to use a control to check your results and determine that the chemicals are still active. Com-



pare the test urine (unknown as to whether it is positive or negative) with a known positive or negative urine sample by running the two tests at the same time, side by side on the same slide.

Your accuracy and skill will improve if you always run a known control when a woman comes in for a pregnancy test. You may want a little practice to feel confident about discriminating between positive and negative tests. It helps to spend several practice sessions doing the test with urine that is already known to be positive and negative.

Reliability--

The Gravindex test has a 2-3% failure rate. The inaccuracies tend to be with false negatives--that is, the test says negative when the woman is pregnant, rather than positive when she is not.

Every once in a while we do a test and can't tell if it's negative or positive even when we're sure the chemicals are good and we've run a control. This may be because these are the cases that account for the 2-3% failure rate, or there may be medical conditions that interfere with the test.

We feel it is important for anyone who is providing a health service to explain what they are doing and why, and to be honest about what they don't know.

When we cannot read a test we tell the woman that we cannot tell whether or not she's pregnant, and suggest that she have a pelvic examination and have the test repeated using another test brand.

Off Our Backs/LNS

"OUR FREEDOM IS IN YOUR HANDS"

ATTICA, N.Y. (LNS)--The following letter was received from inmates of Attica Prison. The grand jury which will issue indictments against the prisoners will meet very soon. This means money for their defense is needed even more urgently:

We the remaining brothers in Attica are in dire need of funds and support to pay the legal fees of attorneys needed for our continued struggle for our lives in the courts of the state. At the present time, we are confronting a familiar problem--lack of money. The lawyers we have now are so sincere in their plight to help us that they have been digging in their own pockets. But how long can we expect this to last?

We are asking people to send whatever they can no matter how little.

We are also calling out to entertainers, to name a few: Cannonball Adderly, Black Academy of Arts and Letters, Harry Belafonte, Blood Sweat and Tears, Willie Bobo, James Brown, Oscar Brown Jr., Alice Coltrane, Billy Cosby, Miles Davis, Ossie Davis, Jackson Five, Roberta Flack, Jane Fonda, Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, Dizzy Gillespie, Nikki Giovanni, Dexter Gordon, Dick Gregory, Richie Havens, Isaac Hayes, Quinly Jones, B.B. King, John Lennon, Felipe Luciano, Hugh Masekela,

Curtis Mayfield, Lee Morgan, Melvin Van Peebles, Lat Poets, Leontye Price, Lou Rawls, Max Roach, Ray Rodriguez, Pharoah Saunders, Leon Thomas, Ike and Tina Turner, Kim Weston, Bill Withers and any others who would be willing to contribute their time and money towards saving lives.

Some of us have already been murdered in D-block yard because we asked for help. The remainder of us are still in need of help if we are to sustain our lives. We would appreciate any contributions large or small (money order or cash.)

Send to the Attica Defense Committee, Prudential Building, Room 816, 30 Church St. Buffalo, New York, 14202.

The only profit that will come out of your contribution is the saving of some of your brothers' lives.

Peace and Power

The United Attica Brothers

The 80 men who are locked in their cells in segregation for 23 1/2 hours a day really want reading material. Any legal books as well as books on history, politics, or economics will be greatly appreciated. They can only get packages from bookstores, so get your local bookstore, radical, college or just friendly

to send books from their stock or contributions other people have dropped off. Send them to any of the following (who are in different parts of the prison) and they will be distributed among other prisoners.

Bernard Strobel 23575

Richard Bilello 25510

Frank Smith 22747

Kenneth Orr 24467

Harold Walker 20382

Richard Clark 26246

Jerry Rosenberg 21478

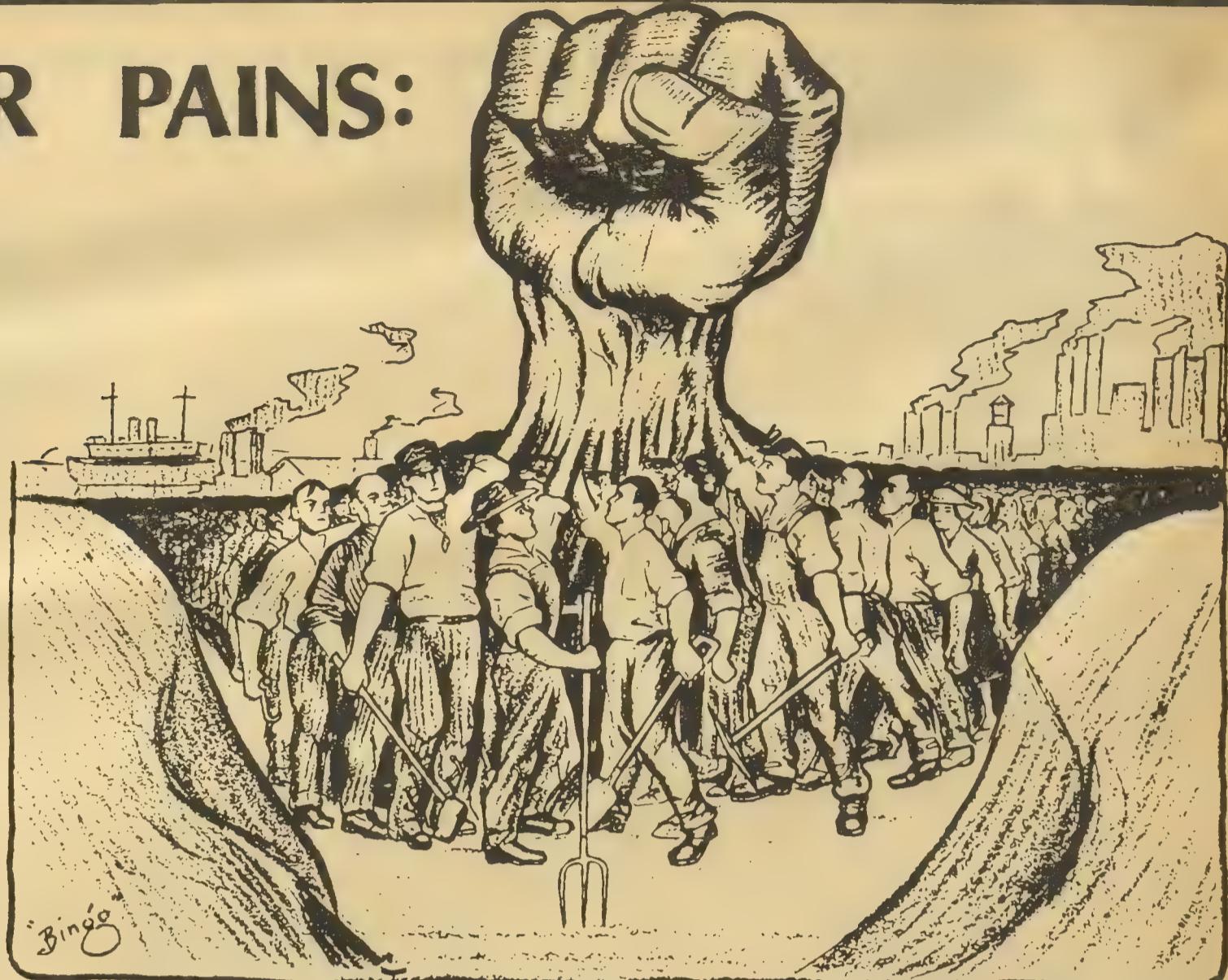
Box 149
Attica, N.Y. 14011

If you don't have a bookstore near you that will do it, send your books to the Liberation Bookstore, 421 Lenox Ave, New York, NY 10037.

Well, how about it? Will bands in the Chicago area that would be into playing a Chicago area benefit for the Attica Defense fund please call the Seed? Or have we already forgotten?

LABOR PAINS:

CONSTANT BATTLE



The story of the struggle of labor is continuous. It does not begin or end with this strike or that lockout or the other fight to make a union militant and responsible to its members. All the skirmishes and upheavals are rooted together in the basic struggle between capital and labor, between those that have and those that produce the wealth. Seen in this light, seldom does something spectacular or unexpected happen. All is part of a slow but steady motion to a conclusion of the conflict. Perhaps because this day to day struggle of labor seems so ordinary and expected we seldom take the time to examine these earnest but non-spectacular battles in the class war.

An almost classic case of ground level union organizing in a previously untouched industry is the story of the Mississippi Woodcutters. These men, fairly evenly black and white were technically self-employed cutting wood and hauling it themselves to the lumber companies, especially Masonite Corp. at Laurel, Mississippi for use in making fiberboard. The living standard of the woodcutters was very marginal and compares with that of nearby share-croppers in impoverished Mississippi for use in making fiberboard. For years the companies bought the wood at fluctuating arbitrarily determined prices. Companies would each have buying units and their payments were tied to the buying units. Since these units were not standardized (they ranged from 6,800 to 8,100 pounds) and so made it difficult for a cutter to deal with more than one company and thus made the cutters virtual serfs to various firms. Masonite was the biggest and had a long standing reputation for treating the woodcutters poorly. So when Masonite arbitrarily increased the size of its buying unit without increasing the money payed for the unit, the men struck, black and white together.

Attempts to organize these workers had occurred before. Always the bosses used the race question to divide the workers. Union organizers have in the past been beaten for advocating an integrated union. This time the bosses could not divide the workers. The strike spread rapidly from its start at Masonite's Laurel plant to become statewide. Eventually more than 3,500 woodcutters were out. The best element of the strike was that it was self started and perpetuated. The men themselves finally came to the realization that their power lay in strong organization. They did the organizing and all along they have been responsible for most of the planning and action. The woodcutters have received support from the Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association, and Alabama based unions. Strike relief and publicity have been largely handled by the GPA. Other groups have offered assistance and strike support groups were formed in northern cities where Masonite outlets were picketed. The workers also enjoyed some support from lumber yard workers, some of whom were discharged for supporting the strike.

IN the months that the strike dragged on every bit of villainy in the capitalist armory was used against the strikers. Local law enforcement officials were widely

reported in the press charging that the strike was the work of communist subversives. Newspapers editorialized against outside agitators. Strike leaders were offered bribes. The cars of organizers were vandalized. The strike office was evicted. Strikers were refused foodstamps. These things represent the standard repression newly organized workers face, particularly when the local establishment is closely tied to the bosses (Masonite is by far Laurel's biggest economic enterprise. Despite all of this the woodcutters forced a favorable settlement with Masonite on December 8th. Masonite was forced to standardize a buying unit that will mean an increase of about 15% to the workers. It is expected that the smaller lumber companies will follow Masonite; but workers are staying alert. Not all of the problems have been resolved, especially the reinstatement of workers fired for supporting the strike, but the new union plans to press for this too.

This seeming isolated strike holds great hope for the southern labor movement. The south has on the whole resisted unionism far more than any other section of the country, by using racial fears the bosses have been all-too-successful in keeping out unionism. As a result, wages in the south often run 15 to 20% under the scale for similar work in other parts of the country. The governments of the southern states have long encouraged this disparity by keeping minimum wage laws well behind the rest of the country and by relying on so-called "right to work" laws which forbid union shop (a union shop is a shop in which anyone might be hired but preference is given to union members and a worker must become a member of the union within a certain period of time.) They have done this supposedly in the hope of attracting new industry to the cheap labor market and thus expand the tax base. This cheap labor market policy has attracted new industry to the South. Textile mills first fled south for cheap labor and to this day there are many unorganized textile mills in the Carolinas and Georgia with low wages and working conditions almost primitive compared to mills in the north. For years, attempts to organize these mills have been brutally suppressed. Atlanta and other southern cities have "prospered and grown" upon cheap labor. Now this exploitation must be challenged --the example of the woodcutters and of furniture workers who recently struck to win equal pay with northern workers suggests a resurgence of solid organizing in the South. It is a hopeful sign.

Many of the struggles of labor go completely unreported by the press and thus unnoticed by the public. This is particularly true of the rapidly growing rank-and-file drives to regain control over their own unions and growing work or radical caucuses to bring renewed militancy to the unions. These activities are going on almost constantly. Every major union in the country has now been affected to one degree or another by the growing rank-and-file restlessness on either the local or national level. Typical of these struggles is one currently going on at Chrysler's Elyton Avenue Gear and Axle Plant in Detroit where the long standing local militancy has confronted the official leadership of UAW local 961. Last spring, local members formed a group

of concerned leaders to oppose the incumbent slate of local office holders. The issues were fairly clear cut. The dissidents wished to democratize the local, eliminate wasteful spending and engage in militant action to win redress of long standing grievances that the local official had failed to follow up. In the May election, Jordan Sims a black worker with 20 years experience and a respected steward ran for the local presidency against Frank McKinnon, a candidate hand picked by the UAW international and four other candidates. McKinnon had only four years seniority and was a long time small time Democratic Party politician. Sims one-handedly defeated the four minor opponents but was forced into a runoff with McKinnon. Sims lost by 36 votes out of 2,300 cast. It turned out, however, that the election was not exactly kosher. It seems that 1,500 Eldon workers were denied voting rights because they were supposedly in arrears. The union by laws forbid such disqualifications when dues are paid by check-off as they are in Eldon. On top of that, none of these workers were informed before the election that they were in arrears. This obviously fraudulent election caused a wave of protest from local members. Eventually UAW International President Lenard Woodcock ordered a new election.

At a local meeting in Late November, things came to a head. The militant workers were very angry. By calling for a new run-off election rather than either a new general election or counting the challenged ballots, Woodcock had violated the UAW constitution. Yet Frank McKinnon, illegally elected, was chairing the meeting and a local vice president pleaded with the members to accept Woodcock's report as a "courtesy to the president." When this was overwhelmingly rejected by the membership, the local leadership tried to say that Woodcock's report was a directive and the local had no right to challenge it. As the meeting continued to get out of his hands, McKinnon tried everything he could to change the subject and close debate. Each attempt failed. McKinnon finally deserted the chair and the local vice-president hastily and unexpectedly adjourned the meeting. Things are still up in the air, but the workers of the Eldon plant plan to resist Woodcock's plan for a new run-off election. It is possible that Woodcock might try to strike back by placing the local in receivership and run it directly from the international. This would be intolerable to the workers of Eldon.

Every day across the country the fight goes on. It might be six long haired workers fighting a hot dog chain in Berkley or six hundred women in an Atlanta textile mill. It's all part of the same fight. So are the struggles against racism that occur within many unions and the determined drive to once again have unions really serve the interests of the workers instead of buffers to keep the anger of working people channeled so that no direct confrontation with the capitalist system will occur. And in the end all of these struggles must be won if the working people of this world are finally to take into their hands what has long been their due. The fight goes on.

-Wobbly Murf.

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF
HOW THE UNSPEAKABLY
EVIL TELEPHONE COMPANY
OPPRESSES THE PEOPLE
IN MANY DIFFERENT WAYS
ESPECIALLY WOMEN AND
THIRD WORLD PEOPLE

WE KID YOU NOT!

NEW YORK (LNS)--The American Telephone and Telegraph Co., the nation's largest private employer, has been accused of extensive job discrimination against women, blacks, and Spanish Americans by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

In a massive report submitted to the Federal Communications Commission, EEOC called AT&T (and the Bell System it operates) a "monolith" which is "without a doubt the largest oppressor of women workers in the U.S."

AT&T quickly denied the allegation.

"We believe we have been a leader, not a laggard, in equal employment opportunity," said Robert D. Lilley, executive vice president of AT&T.

The EEOC-AT&T confrontation began in December 1970 when the utility company petitioned the government for an increase in long-distance telephone rates. The EEOC opposed the increase then, accusing the corporation of blatantly unlawful discrimination throughout its system.

The FCC gave EEOC until early December of this year to substantiate the "serious questions" it had raised. AT&T has two months to examine the report before a public hearing to air the case will be held on Jan. 31. The hearing will be the first of its kind ever to consider the employment record of a federally-regulated company.

In its 290 page summary, more than half of it devoted to the condition of women, EEOC accuses AT&T of structuring recruitment, hiring and promotion practices to prevent women from advancing, thus creating a system of men only and women only job categories. This practice violates civil rights legislation.

Women employed by AT&T number 524,000 or 55 per cent of the company's employees. The company is the nation's largest employer of women. According to EEOC, women who work for AT&T lose \$950 million annually in wages because they are generally considered for lower-paying jobs such as operators or clerks.

The company is accused of failing to provide "real equality for blacks." EEOC said blacks are relegated to the lowest-paying, least desirable positions, and unfair standards and tests are used for hiring blacks. Southern telephone affiliates have failed to come up to even the "minimal efforts of the rest of the Bell system to employ blacks," said EEOC.

Since most blacks employed by the telephone company are women, they suffer from the dual discrimination of both race and sex.

Spanish surnamed employees are the "invisible minority" at Bell, and the report charged the company with not providing equal job and advancement opportunities for Spanish Americans.

The study concentrated primarily on 30 large urban areas throughout the nation, which contain half the country's work force and half of its total black and Spanish population.

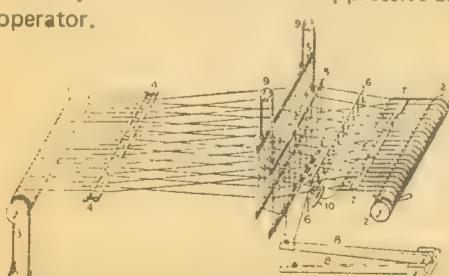
AT&T offered some statistics to refute the accusations. Of employees hired in 1971, said the company, one out of four is black, American Indian, Oriental or Spanish-American.

Lilley, the executive V.P., stated that the number of minority group employees has increased 265 per cent since 1963 while total employment has increased only 38 per cent. Thirteen per cent of AT&T's total employment, or 135,000 persons, now come from minority groups.

He added that about 57,000 of the women working for the company hold management positions.

Lilley neglected to mention that most of the minority workers who aren't operators work on construction crews, as installers, and on other blue collar jobs and are seldom seen in management positions.

Few work in responsible positions within the Bell bureaucracy. Also, a large majority of the so-called "women in management" are, in fact, operator supervisors--a job which is almost as oppressive as being an operator.



HUEY FREE AT LAST!

ALAMEDA, Calif (LNS)--Four years and three trials later, Huey P. Newton, leader of the California-based Black Panther Party is finally up from under the 1967 manslaughter rap which kept him in prison for two & a half years.

Huey's third trial ended in a hung jury on December 11 and the prosecution has three days to decide whether to push for a fourth trial--something Newton's lawyer Charles Garry termed "unprecedented harassment."

When reporters asked DA Donald Whyte, who by this time had a personal stake in Huey's conviction if he wanted a fourth trial, he answered "Hell, yes," but Presiding Judge William Hayes decided otherwise on December 15. The reason? Not enough evidence--a fact the defense has pointed out consistently throughout the long and drawn out court battle.

Trial three really had little to distinguish it from trial two. Again the jury was all-white and chose from the 7 communities that make up Alameda County rather than the largely black community of Oakland where Newton lives.

Prosecution evidence that Huey did indeed shoot and kill Oakland policeman John Frey on Oct. 28, 1967 remained virtually the same too. DA Whyte again depicted Huey on the night of the shootout celebrating the last day of a three year probation period for an assault charge

by purchasing matchboxes of marijuana and driving around with a 9 mm automatic in his car. When stopped by the cops, the DA said that Newton shot Patrolman Frey because he was frightened that the grass and gun would be discovered.

Garry emphasized for the third time that Newton's car was stopped by the cops because it was a known Panther car; that Frey frisked him in a degrading manner and then struck and shot him because Newton began to read his rights from a first year law-book which he kept in his car.

As in the preceding trial, Garry pointed to valuable defense evidence which the prosecution mysteriously "lost" and to the contrary testimony presented by two star prosecution witnesses.

The strength of Garry's arguments plus the sheer absurdity of a third trial had its influence on the jury. Newton's second trial ended in an 11-1 deadlock for conviction while the third ended up 6-6 after a day and a half of deliberations.

Huey served two and a half years on a 2-15 sentence before his conviction was overturned in late summer of 1970 by an appeals court ruling that the judge gave the jury faulty instructions. He neglected to tell the jury that at the time the DA claims Huey fired a shot killing Frey, he was very likely unconscious from a bullet wound in the stomach.

POREK'S

AW, C'MON NOW!

New York (LNS)--A Fordham University law professor who seeks to overturn the state's liberalized abortion law urged a State Supreme Court Justice on December 9th to halt all abortions here until a suit he has filed is settled.

In an action filed during the first week of December, Professor Robert M. Byrn was formally appointed legal guardian of "Infant Doe", a fictitious fetus representing all unborn babies between the 4th and 24th weeks of gestation who are scheduled to be aborted in city hospitals.

Mr. Byrn's attorney estimates the trial will take four to six weeks. His chief counsel, Thomas Ford, told State Supreme Court Justice Francis X. Smith that "undreds of our clients will be murdered" during that time unless abortions are stopped in the interim.

Jowel Lewittes, an assistant attorney general, replied: "If this preliminary injunction is granted--if these wo-

men are forced to go into dark alleys for illegal abortions--I say to you that would be irreparable damage."

After lengthy argument before an overflow court-room audience, Justice Smith said he would rule only on Mr. Byrn's motion for an injunction--not on the constitutional challenge itself.

"I'm going to give both sides an opportunity to submit additional briefs or affidavits," he said. He directed the plaintiffs to submit the papers by the next week.

In the meantime, he granted applications by a number of organizations to submit briefs as "friends of the court."

One such "friend of the court" is the Women's Health and Abortion Project (WHAP) who are trying to bring women together to plan a response should the injunction be granted. They want to emphasize that poor and working class women who must use public facilities will be the primary victims.

AMCHITKA

ANCHORAGE, Alaska (LNS) Remember Amchitka? That five-megaton blast that blew a hole in the Aleutian Islands National Wildlife Refuge?

Well, contrary to reports issued by the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) claiming that the only casualties were 18 sea otters recovered four days after the blast, it appears that, in fact, nearly 1100 sea otters died as a result of the blast and the upheaval it caused on the ocean floor.

The autopsy report, made by Dr. Robert Rausch, chief of the Infectious Disease section of the Arctic Research center, was in the hands of the AEC at the time they released the report on the 18 otters. Since its release, AEC spokesmen have attempted to place the blame on a storm which occurred in the Aleutians on Nov. 6.

Dr. Rausch discounts this theory, explaining that sea otters are native to this area and are naturally buoyant and therefore unlikely to drown in a storm--especially in such numbers. He further explained that at least one dead otter was dragged up from a depth of 35 fathoms where it had been held in a split-second vacuum that was created between the earth's surface & the ocean at the time of the blast.

REVISITED

Sea otters have come into national prominence recently as an endangered species. They are being hunted on the California coast because they eat alone and interfere with abalone fishermen. Some environmental activists have gone so far as to set up patrols which attempt to chase away the fishermen-hunters and provide some safety for the otters. On Amchitka, the otters were supposed to have a "haven."

Apparently, the attempt to cover up the deaths of the sea otters is only one aspect of the AEC campaign to protect and sell its underground testing program. In a report released by the Government Accounting Office, it was revealed recently that the AEC had spent well over \$100,000 on publicity around the Amchitka blast. This figure does not include salaries for people involved directly with the blast.

It does, however, include money for a pre-bomb charter tour of Amchitka for 100 people; an all-expense-paid tour for 16 Alaska representatives to the AEC's Nevada test center; a six month respite in a downtown Anchorage hotel for a AEC public relations officer; & finally the bomb site visitation of AEC Chairman Schlesinger and his family.



Everyone has fun at



(known to you nostalgia
freaks as Mr. Jeff's)

**Dick Yippee says, "I drink
coffee ALL day at Betty's"**

**Bernie says, "Down with
organic food! Up with
Betty & Jeffburgers!"**

**Maralee says, "When are
you gonna get onion rings?"**

Christopher says, "Gurgle!"

(All the above are sincere,
unsolicited testimonials)

Meet famous people! Eat fabulous food!

Come to the northeast corner of Wrightwood, Lincoln and Sheffield.

It's there. It's nowhere. It's everywhere.

I've lost something. I don't know what it is, but it was the most important thing I had. I know because I never feel right any more. No matter what I'm doing. I always know there's something missing. How should I describe the feeling? It's as if every time you take a breath you don't get quite enough air. Oh sure, you get enough to get by or enough to get along on, enough to last you till the next time, but only barely; you can never hold your breath or anything like that. But then again, that's not really what I mean. What do I mean, anyway? I mean I've lost something and I don't know what it is, but it's so important! Damn!

I am eight years old. I am precocious. I can make adults do anything I want because I have enchanting eyes. My parents are rich as kings. They wouldn't be so bad if only they wouldn't ask me what I'm doing when I'm looking underneath chairs, staring down heating vents, or inspecting the small space between the baseboard molding and the wall. They look at me and they say, "Fred (that's my name, Fred) what are you looking for?"

"Oh, Mother, (or Father as the case may be), have you seen it lying around?" I answer, opening my enchanting eyes wider. Now of course they're going to say "It? What?" ninety-nine percent of the time, and I will answer, "Oh, nothing, a penny I lost," or something similar, but I'm hoping someday they won't say that and just say, "Is this what you're looking for?" and hold up whatever it is I am looking for. That's another problem. How will I know whether I've found what I am looking for when I find it? Damn!

I've looked everywhere, everywhere, insisting that rooms be repainted so that I could inspect behind the walls, going over every scrap of floorspace, borrowing the groundskeeper's ladder and inspecting the roof, going over the walls and inspecting the cracks in the foundation, etc. and I have found, aside from thirteen dollars and forty-two cents in change, nothing. Nothing. Nothing! Damn!

As everyone familiar with the human personality will realize, frustrations can't long continue without finding other outlets. My outlet is war. Not the old-fashioned kill-or-be-killed kind, but the modern kill-everybody kind. The walls of my room are paneled with such paraphernalia as the charts showing the kill and destruction radii of both the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs, cutaway views (semi-secrete) of atomic and hydrogen bombs, models of supersonic bombers and missile-firing submarines. I even keep a few dolls which I have sliced into anatomical sections in some cases and blasted apart with firecrackers in other, just to keep the real substance of my outlet in the forefront. But then, on second thought, I don't really want to talk about the substance of my outlet; anything I could say would be so pallid compared with the excitement of the real thing. What's more important is why nuclear war appeals to me so much. Well, it's simple. I have to destroy whatever it is I've lost before anyone else gets it. It's mine and if I can't have it no one else can either, and if I have to destroy half the world to make sure I destroy it, that's fine too; it's even better; no one helped me look for it, did they?

Have I mentioned my father is president? (I know damn well I haven't.) Well, he is. A Republican, a typical Republican, doesn't deserve any description. I encourage him whenever possible to "get everybody" whenever possible. My tutor tells me how rotten the Reds are, how they do nothing but burn and rape from dusk to dawn and I believe him (Who wouldn't if they had the chance?) He tells me how they forced him to come to America when they took over the government of his country. This only goes to show what I've always believed, that we live in a political world. When you come right down to it, nobody's nothing but a "political pawn" (a good phrase that; I stole it from a senior senator from the South). If you want anything the only way to get it is through politics, and I'm no different, except I wouldn't apply the term "pawn" to myself on any occasion. Unfortunately, I'm not old enough to hold office yet, but I can be effective in modifying the positions of those who already have the power. Looking innocent and saying how much you're afraid the Rimskies will take your toys away from you can really work—it sounds silly but these old politicians who're always patrolling the corridors looking for the washroom really take it to heart when you tell them things like that. I'm sure my efforts haven't hurt the defense budget any. Believe it or not, indirectly at least I even sponsored a defense project myself. You see, the thing about defense is that you have to make your project sound like the only available alternative. My idea was this: I got two models, one of a Russian missile-launching cruiser built on a small scale. In reality, both ships are nearly the same size, but in terms of my models the Russian one looks twice as big. To help the illusion along, I broke the American one a little and didn't paint the silver parts silver. Then I planted myself in a well-trafficked corridor and began to play with them. I soon found myself explaining to passers-by who took an interest (and few didn't) how the larger ship with the silver was the Russian equivalent of our smaller disgustingly gray one. I must have explained this to a hundred people, and in a few months I found out that funds had been allocated towards building a larger missile-carrying cruiser with silver.

You know, you're right. I am a little crud, but I have power (stars and stripes curse on you forever) and I'm getting more all the time. What's more, I have ambitions, secretly conceived and mystically powerful ambitions. I want to be king of everywhere--through direct physical power if necessary, but I hope by everyone's admission that I'm the better man. When you come right down to it, right down to the nitty-gritty, I'm just good.

When I get to power, there's one thing I want from this country before I destroy it, and that's a movie star's corpse. I've already drawn up plans for a plexiglass showcase to keep it in. It isn't important whether it's a man or a woman, but obviously, the bigger the star the better. I have in mind Jean Harlewd or Ramon Narnude. Both were just great in "Ben Hur." Have you seen it? One of my favorite movies. I'm sure everyone is interested in why I want a movie star's corpse. I was once interested myself, but upon finding the answer I found it wasn't as interesting as it seems. Still, in the interest of completeness, rather than from any humanitarian motive, I will tell how it happened. My desire began, if memory serves me correctly, when I was eleven months old. I was staring out of my crib at a television

broadcast of the Pope saying Mass. The spectacle before me unwound with cool precision. (there had obviously been much forethought given as to what was going to take place.) Tension seemed to mount until the point where the Pontiff, wearing jewelled, white robes, raised high a small white object encased in a golden surburst, accomplished by strange ethereal patterns in sound. My mother, never very mystical by inclination and not a Catholic, changed the channel at that point and I was left staring at Jean Harlewd and Ramon Narnude acting out a passionate love scene in "Ben-Hur." From that moment I've always wanted a movie star's corpse; it's as simple as that. Eventually I even want to get into the movies myself--who wouldn't? I want to play Christ in The History of God. But then, I don't want to talk about all that; that's all personal stuff. I was talking about politics. When I get to be king and destroy everywhere I could have lost whatever it is I'm looking for, this will still, needless to say, leave much of the world for me to play in. One of the remaining sections of the world will be Hawaii, which I intend to make the center of the world. I will build it up into one vast city covered with gold leaf and mahogany veneer, and everywhere, set out in simple form for the peasants to read like the code of Hammurabi, will be my laws. I have already written them. They will read as follows:

- 1). EVERYONE WILL DO WHATEVER I SAY AND NEVER HARM ME.
- 2) OTHER THAN THE ABOVE LAW ANYONE CAN DO ANYTHING THEY WANT.

To the point, eh? But then, I need clear laws to insure myself a clear conscience. But to go on about my city. It will be carved out of the mountains that make up Hawaii. There will be two major sections, what I own and where everyone else works. My place will be based on the design of Ludwig II, whose life as well as his castles I greatly admire, and every square inch will be covered with precious jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds; it's so sexy just saying the names. It will contain every amusement known to man. I don't even want to list them here for fear they will limit my thinking on the subject. I will have a palace guard which will also be my army; it will consist of fifty-one percent of all the eligible males in the world, who will be provided with every war machine or personal need they desire. I will be the only officer. I'll have a special loudspeaker created so my whole army



can hear all my commands at once. Ahh! I can see it. I, dressed in white jewelled robes, sitting high upon my jewelled Tank following my jewel-covered army as they sweep before a cloud of dust with jewels in it toward the soon-to-be disintegrated enemy. But that's as far as I'll tell. I wouldn't want to leak anything confidential.

There has been three day's pause between now and when I finished the last paragraph, and I simply cannot think of anything else to say, so, to prove that I control the situation and not you, I will end this piece here. You have no alternative but to be content and vote Republican. The future will take care of itself, and I will take care of myself.

--Robert Kameczura

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IT NEVER STOPS PRIMING

MADELINE WOMBAT

GROWL-THUMP-GROWL-THUMP



Once there was a woman who heard sounds in the night. She had been married seven years to the same man (but that's another story) and in their honeymoon room at the Sleepy-Inn, she had heard creaks and murmurs coming, she was sure, from the closet. She woke her husband who was a kind man but a bit of a coward—if there was someone in the closet, he didn't want to know about it—and he said "Don't worry dear, I'll protect you," thus setting a fortunate precedent, for, as it turned out, she heard noises every night of their married life.

In their first home, a second floor walk up in a neighborhood of young Volkswagen-Chianti-and-poster people like themselves, she heard, variously, rustles, squeaks, clicks, rattles, and a peculiar growl-thump-growl-thump that she named Madeline Wombat. That was in the days when she still saw some humor in the situation.

And every night she would wake up her husband and say, Someone is coming in the back door, or I heard the refrigerator open, or (when she was trying to be cute), Madeline Wombat is stealing the silver.

Her husband never got cross at her for this slight failing, because, in fact, he never heard her. He had developed the skill of talking in his sleep, so that when she shook his shoulder at night, sometime between the hours of two and four in the morning, he could say, very clearly and distinctly, it's all right, dear, I'll protect you, without disturbing his sleep at all.

This gave the impression that he had heard everything but was not alarmed, when in fact he never heard anything at night. Clangorous thunderstorms that lit the night like a frenzied dream of day—he slept like a dead man. The people upstairs gave parties with what sounded like someone doing a jig with two wooden legs—he never even rolled over. The first year they were married, the water-heater downstairs exploded and put a five foot hole through an outside wall, and the fire department was called and the entire neighborhood was up, walking around in robes and slippers, and he slept through it all.

The woman knew all this, of course, but it was still comforting to her to be able to shake his shoulder in the lonely hours before dawn and to hear him say Don't worry dear, I'll protect you.

Thus reassured, she could sleep the sleep of the smug, immured against the rumbles and squeals and thumps in the night.

Not once in their married life had either of them gotten up to investigate a noise in the night. Every marriage has its little eccentricities.

After the little walk-up, they lived for a year in a nice one-bedroom in a new building. She hated it. Her husband had a new job and went on two day business trips, leaving her at the mercy of the noises. And in this apartment she heard new and louder noises, raw and unfriendly. Bumps from below and voices from above and miscellaneous hummings and flushings that made her feel uneasy and always the growls and thumps in the night. Madeline Wombat, she thought, and tried to laugh away her nervousness.

They moved from this noisy apartment to the first floor of an old brownstone house, a charming old apartment that had been remodelled just for them. Her husband got a new job and came home every night. They were as happy as they expected to be. This new-old apartment had extraordinary noises—an old house always has its own ghostly whirrings and unexplainable clanks and groans that make a woman wake in the night with a start and leave her staring at the ceiling, listening.

As always, every night she woke her husband and said, There's someone in the kitchen, rattling keys, or Madeline Wombat is stealing the philodendron (her imaginings had gotten more vivid over the years) and he, without breaking stride in

his sleep, would say, It's all right dear, I'll protect you.

And so she lay back again and listened. Scrape. Growl-thump. Swish.

Unmistakably, there were noises in the living room. Not really knowing why she did it, she got out of bed and put on her robe and crept down the hall toward the living room. Her feet made little pitaps in the nights.

In the light from the street light outside she saw her living room, empty and still as she had left it. There was her sofa, the cat asleep on the cushions, and the coffee table and the chair. The windows were still closed and locked. She walked closer to the door that led to the living room. From the left of the doorway, where the desk sat, a tuft of something furry protruded into the doorway. She drew back, then she thought, How careless, I've left the sheepskin rug on the desk, and she reached to put it away.

She pulled on the long coarse hair, but it stuck and she pulled again. And then she heard a growl, and then a tremendous roar... and suddenly an enormous bear-like creature loomed over her in the half light and grabbed her. She had time only for a tiny breathless scream before she was smothered in fur and the beast crushed her in its great arms.

They found her early the next morning—the cleaning lady did, her husband was still asleep—and called the police, who took pictures and searched the apartment. And, when they were finally able to wake him, they asked the husband questions. He was terribly grief-stricken—she had been a lovely and lively wife and he missed her already. And worst of all, when they asked him, he had to admit that, no, he hadn't heard a thing.

—Patricia Stroll



Have you ever seen anyone die? Have you ever seen a man catch a bullet in the head that goes in in a nice pretty little round hole and takes the back of his head off coming out and splatters his brains all over? Did you ever see a man get his leg blown off and he's all cut up and you run to him and tie a tourniquet around the stump of his leg and start putting bandages all over him and shoot him up with a grain of morphine and he's bleeding so bad and you're wiping the mud off his arm and slapping it, trying to make a vein stand out, and he's too weak to tighten his arm and make a fist and you can't find a vein and you mainline two bottles of blood expander into him, hoping you hit a vein, and you lean his head back and tell him not to look at the wound because you don't want him to go into shock and die before he dies from loss of blood and you watch the medivac chopper get shot down but you don't tell him and he can't see 'cause he's got blood all over his face and you keep telling him that he's going to be all right and how lucky he is that he'll be back in the states with his girl soon and that the war's over for him and that everything's going to be all right & all the time you know that before they get another chopper out to him, he'll be dead, and you hope to God you sounded sincere.

—George Koons.

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SURRENDER

She took off her pants. The warmth of the sun and the softness of the spring breeze was newly refreshing. She let the pants crumble in a ball on the sidewalk next to her.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"I took my pants off," she said, "Don't worry, they won't bother us. It looks like I'm wearing my bathing suit."

All around them, people were waiting; some standing, some sitting, some leaning; some on the sidewalk, the rest on the street. No one was allowed to go on the lawns or anywhere near the houses, where, up until a few minutes ago, they had all been happily engaged. The street was blocked off at both ends by trucks with big flashing red lights on them. Here and there could be seen uniformed soldiers straining to hold their fierce, growling dogs in check.

For the most part, the people were huddled together in small groups. Expressions of numbness, curiosity and fear masked their faces. Children cried and tugged at their mother's skirts; several young lovers clung to each other passionately, desperately.

But she was laughing. "Oh Bob, it's so grand! My body! My legs! My hair!" She stretched her arms over her head, and her T-shirt hiked up high enough to see her navel. She smiled at him with glittering, laughing eyes as she tossed her hair in the breeze.

He stood in front of her, his arms folded, "You're all right," he said.

From the north end of the block, the garbled noise of a loudspeaker could be heard. "Line up! Line up! The trucks!" The word came back through the crowd and with some degree of hesitation, the people nervously began to move northward, as if drawn by some strange magnet.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

She looked at him for a moment and thought "Let's go take a ride in the country and find some nice sunny spot and fuck in the sun." She picked up her jeans from the sidewalk and slung them over her shoulder. She put her arm around Bob's waist, but as they started to walk, they felt themselves being jostled from behind. "Move up," was the cry. "Faster!"

From the loudspeaker came first a loud belch of static, then a garbled blare of sound. Music; some kind of a march. Somewhere a baby was crying. Slowly, the huge crowd moved down the street towards the trucks. She grabbed Bob's hand and tugged at his arm. "Let's skip," she cried. Bobbing up and down, they skipped like flies through the stumbling knots of people. As they moved down the crowded street, they could see the glint of the sun off the dull barrels of the rifles of the soldiers. They were spaced along the sidewalk at regular intervals, also in little knots on every rooftop. Bob started in on a song "Sally go 'round the roses..." She responded the echo; at the end of the first verse the trucks blocked their path.

He stopped and waited for her to catch up. She ran up, leaned against his shoulder to catch her breath. Suddenly, she flew forward and landed on her face, the print of a boot imbedded on the back of her yellow panties. Bob wheeled around quickly; the soldier stood there fingering his rifle and grinning. His dark yellow teeth flashed at them mockingly. "The truck," he grunted. "Get in."

He bent over and helped her to her feet. She tossed her long hair and brushed the dirt from her body. "C'mon Jenny, let's get that ride." He helped her into the truck. They sat down on the wooden bench, and a soldier slammed the tailgate shut. The truck was filled with people, and a soldier with a submachinegun sat opposite them. The order to move out was given and the truck began to roll.

She leaned back against the wooden frame of the truck; her jeans draped across her lap. None of the other people in the truck talked; everyone either stared straight ahead or down at the floor. From somewhere a muffled sob could be heard. The truck bumped and jolted down the city streets, but they soon swung onto the highway and suddenly they were in the country. There was little traffic on the highway, and the only vehicles they saw were military vehicles.

"Where do you think we're goin?" she asked. Her hair blew freely in the wind and her smile flashed polished brass.

"I don't know," she said. "Maybe they'll stop somewhere and we can get a hamburger and go to the john. I just wanna take a piss." She giggled, hugged him and kissed his neck. The neanderthal with the submachinegun grunted his disapproval and shifted the gun on his lap.

They had been driving for more than an hour when the truck turned off the highway and onto a dirt road. Then long, low huts and tents. A few big buildings and more trucks. Through the gate (past the barbed wire) and stop. The tailgate clanked open and the soldier with the gun jumped out and barked to the rest to

get out. She jumped off the back waving her jeans over her head; he jumped too and grabbed her as he landed and they both laughed as they rolled in the dust.

More soldiers came and herded all the people into a large corral. In the center of the corral stood an officer. He was impeccably dressed (in great contrast to the seemingly sloppy appearance of the enlisted men), complete with spats and baton tucked neatly under his arm. He waited until all the enlisted men were comfortably perched all around the corral on the top rail of the fence, like cowboys at a rodeo. Bob and Jenny stood slightly apart from the others (who were huddled in the corner), he stood behind her with his arms around the waist. A soldier laughed and spat.

The officer cleared his throat. "Welcome. This is a very solemn and serious occasion. We hope that what transpires here will be successful and satisfactory to all." There was a tittering among the soldiers. The officer switched his baton to his other armpit; his upper lip twitched nervously as he talked. A crow cawed in the nearby corn-field.

"We are going to be conducting an experiment. Or, should I say, a sort of test. Our scientists have perfected a machine that tracks and follows fugitives much better than dogs could ever do it. It even apprehends the fugitives in, we believe, a much more efficient manner than dogs do."

The officer nodded toward a gate in the corral. The gate opened and two men, both wearing white coats, strode to the center of the corral. They talked to the officer in low voices and all three nodded their heads in agreement. The officer spoke again. "Your job will be to run away." An excited murmur went up from the people in the corner. Jenny was drawing pictures with her toes in the sandy dirt. "Of course you will not really escape. That is impossible. The machine will pick up the scent of every person here. It can be programmed to do various things; find you, apprehend you, injure you, maim you, or any combination. This will all be done. We must know what it can do. Anyone who doesn't want to cooperate will be dealt with by these soldiers." Another tittering among the goons on the fence. "All right, on your way now. All of you."

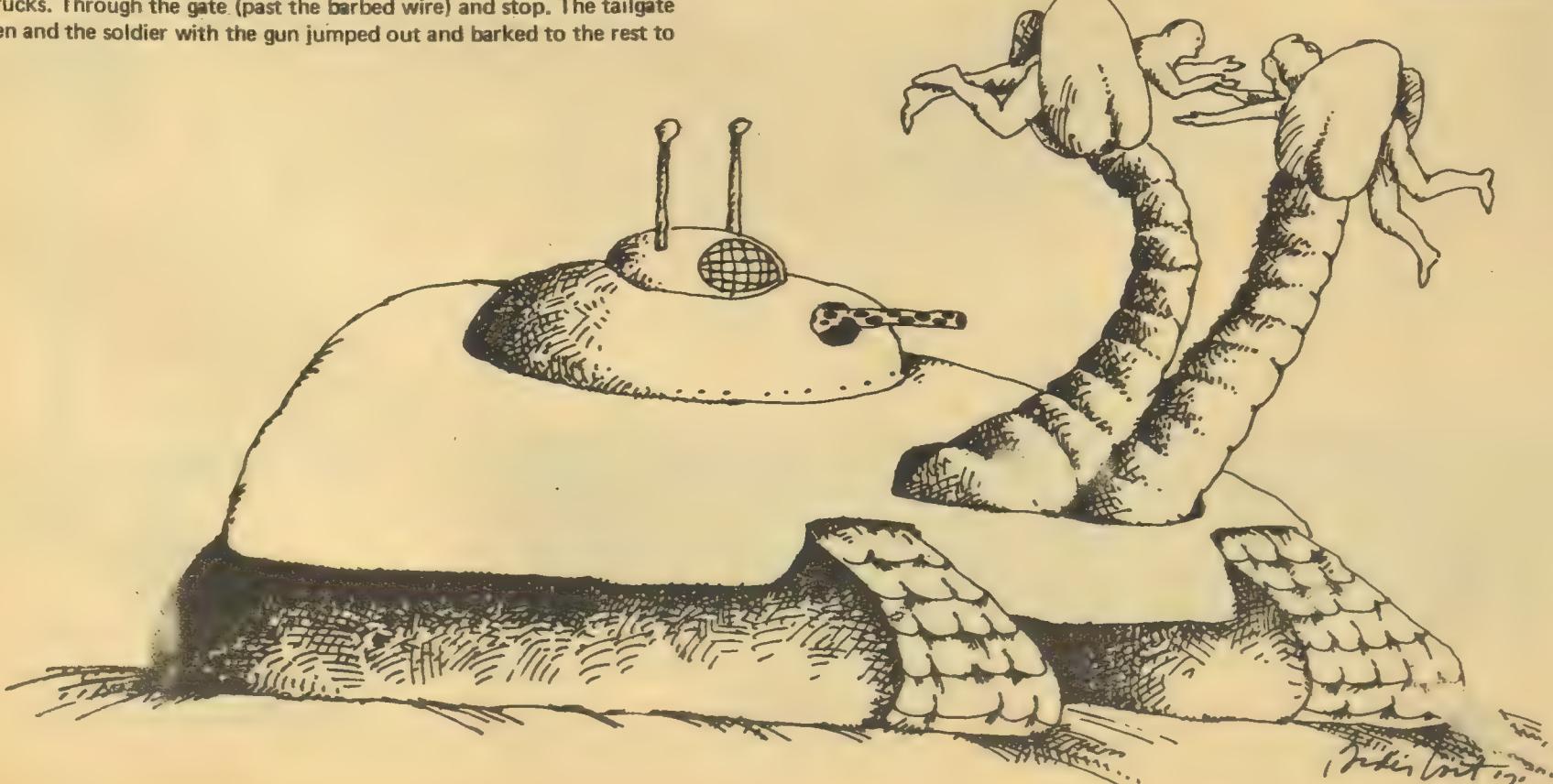
He smiled. A gate opened; the people moved out of it and began to scatter. Soldiers had to push the stragglers. One old woman refused to go, and she was shot. Jenny grabbed Bob's hand, and the two of them ran over a rise and down toward a valley. The breeze had died down a bit, and it was hot as they walked slowly down the hill, catching their breath. "No one else has come this way," she said. They laid down on the long grass and rolled the rest of the way down. There were shady trees on the bottom, and a stream which ran through the valley. They walked slowly along the stream, occasionally dipping their bare feet in the cool, clear water. Frogs jumped and the water-spiders twittered.

They walked down for about a mile. They came to a very deep pool, protected on one side by a large rock. Near it was the greenest grass they had ever seen. "I'm hot," he said. He took off his clothes, tossed them into the water, and waded in up to his chest. She did the same. "Do you think they'll find us?" she asked as she floated on her back. "Why not?" he said. "Hey," she said, "Maybe that thing can't swim." "Hope there's no leeches in here," he answered. "C'mon, let's fuck."

They crawled up the bank and lay on the grass, drying off in the warm sun. He rolled over and grabbed her, and they rolled on the grass, kissing and hugging. They made love madly and passionately, stretching it out into a mad, glorious orgasm, and rolling right back into the water.

Then the machine came. Built something like a huge tank, it looked like a creature from outer-space. It had a low turret, on top of which a submachinegun was mounted. On the front were two long claws-pincers. An insect, it crawled along the ground with antennae twitching and pincers reaching. Bob and Jenny were dunking each other in the water, grabbing at each other's hair. The machine waded right into the water and plucked them out, one in each of its pincers. He was singing again: "Sally go 'round the roses," and she echoed the verse. Slowly the pincers tightened around their nude, wet bodies. The machine retreated back to solid ground, carrying its two captives like so many sacks of potatoes. "Roses they can hurt you." The pincers tightened their vice-like grip, crushing their lungs and suffocating them. Then they opened and dropped the mangled bodies back onto the grass; her voice seemed to hang in the air as she echoed his last, plaintive verse.

—David Barson



The Sunsh

The looking creature said, "I cannot see anymore because there is no sun in the sky. My telescope doesn't help me; my goggles aren't any good; I cannot take any pictures with my camera because there is no sun in the sky."

So the looking creature went outside and fell down the steps



... into a mud puddle. He got his clothes all wet and was cold because there was no sun in the sky to keep him warm.



The looking creature said to the wise bird, "we should put a flashlight in the sky so I could see better and so I don't fall down the steps anymore." So the wise bird gave the looking creature a ride on his back and rrrroar whirrr buzzzooomm went his wings as they flew into the dark blue sky carrying a large 5-battery flashlight.

But the next night when the looking creature stepped out of his house, it was dark outside again because the batteries had worn out, and he fell down the steps and then he knew that not only had the sun gone out, but the moon and stars were dark too. And there was no light and no warmth in the sky.

So the looking creature put on his sweatshirt and his big brown overcoat that had a hood on it to keep him warm and he carried a candle when he went outside. And he took his big yellow sunglasses off. Slowly he walked down the steps, protecting the flame of the candle with his left hand so the wind wouldn't blow it out.



Sunshine Story

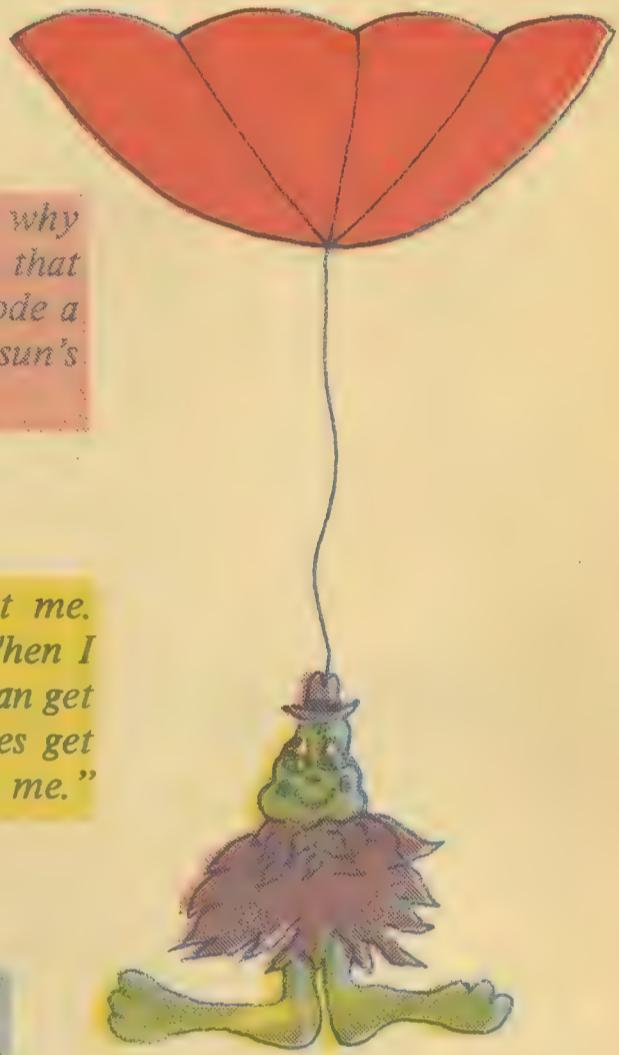
And he went to see his neighbor. His neighbor was the furnace woman. She put furnaces in houses to keep the people warm. And when the metal was very hot they would glow bright orange. "Why don't we put a furnace in the sky to keep the earth blanket warm and sunshine-bright?" he asked the furnace woman.



So they got a helicopier and put the furnace way up in the sky where the sun used to be. But soon the furnace burned up all its coal and it was dark again.



The wise bird said, "Looking creature, why don't you go see what's wrong with the sun that she don't shine?" So the looking creature rode a red upside-down parachute high up to the sun's living place. He heard the sun laughing.



"I'm glad you've come to visit me. That's why I haven't been shining. When I shine it's so hot up here that nobody can get close to the heavens, and I sometimes get lonely. I want people to shine back at me."

So the sun and the looking creature talked for a long time about "heavens and suns."

And when the looking creature came back to the earth he asked all the people to shine at the sun so that the sun would keep shining down to them. So that they would stay warm without wearing lots of clothes and so they could see without candles and flashlights, and so that he wouldn't fall down the steps anymore.

... and then the sun wouldn't be lonely.



story: Mark Wagler
pictures: Diane Appelbaum

Death and Abdication



The Lake was roaring, crashing against the broken boulders and soaking his boots and the legs of his jeans. He sat there, the wind whipping his hair and sprinkling his glasses with a fine spray, watching intently the ill-defined line where the grey Lake met the grey sky. No difference, he thought, as he rubbed his hands. The scattered great white flakes of the first fall snow began to settle on the rocks until the lake washed them away.

Behind him the girl paced the worn little path between the park lawn and the rocks. She shivered with the wind against her bare legs and arms. Her loose purple cotton dress pressed against her tall thin body. She watched him with fear and helplessness as she walked.

When she turned her head she could see the car, the dear old yellow Porshe sitting on the lawn with the doors still flung open. The churned stripes in the green marked where he had taken the car off the gravel road.

She looked back and saw he was gone. His glasses were folded neatly on his little blue notebook. Some-where inside he had written in a strange erratic hand, "Mara, I love you."

She returned to the car and sat on the cold leather seat where he would have sat. Carefully she prepared the three remaining syringes, filled them. Before she stuck them one by one into her arm so that there would be three neat little holes just below the inside of her elbow, she licked the rest of the white powder from the crumpled foil.

When she had finished with everything, she picked up the four syringes, the scrotched spoon, the little laboratory burner, and the foil and took them to the place where he had disappeared. She threw them in after him.

-Patrick Murfin.

Annie

She laughed because they had been good, so good she ached with the joy of it. The band was good, the lights were good, the dancers were good, the company was good, and she was good. And she laughed in that funny way of hers. Her long brown Italian Renaissance hair fell in her face and she laughed and pushed it aside.

Someone. She needed to throw her arms around someone and share the joy of it. The faces that she knew surrounded her and she searched them to find one who would understand and laugh with her. But they were all separate--alone, or wrapped on with another, or staring strangely at her as if she and her laughter were foreign to them.

There must be someone. She ran from the crowd of the company to where a few of the dwindling audience still stood. They were all waiting--waiting for somebody else to come out--a boyfriend, a girlfriend, a wife. Nobody was there for her. Not even the strange boy who had been around her so much laughing and singing and sometimes just staring at her for the longest time.

Suddenly she was very sad. She left the building for the night street, to walk along the "L", to ride the "L" alone to her apartment, to go to bed alone. She walked the wide sidewalk beside the broad well-lit street hearing only the hollow sound of her own hard heels striking the pavement. And the distant "L" rumbling. Her head hung down, her green eyes half closed, her mouth drawn straight and sad, her hand in the pockets of her old, too-small brown coat, she walked. Occassionally a car slipped by.

On the "L", in the mostly empty car she stared blankly at the window, the dim passing flashes and her own reflection. No one smiled, no one cared. They all pretended to sleep or stared at a space before their eyes. She started to cry, to cry very hard. Tears stained her cheeks, raising big ugly welts where they fell. Her eyes swelled until she could not open them, and they stung with a living fire. When she wiped her face with the back of her hand, it swelled and turned firey. The other passengers seemed embarrassed and tried not to look as she poisoned herself with her own tears.

-Patrick Murfin.

Elevated Platform, Wilson & Broadway

The Elevated platform at Wilson and Broadway is usually deserted in the mid-night hours. The hillbillies of Uptown are hard working people who go to bed early, except on Friday and Saturday night when they drink and laugh and listen to country bands in bars. But this was not the weekend, it was Thursday night, and rainy and at 11 o'clock the platform was deserted except for Jim sitting on a bench in the middle of the platform. It is a long time between trains at 11 o'clock.

Jim was tall and thin with Jesus hair and pale blue, used up eyes. His old p-coat began to stink slightly like wet wool will. He sang quietly to himself because he had spent a pleasant evening rapping and smoking with friends.

After five minutes or so a young spade with a natural and a beard climbed to the platform. He stood a few yards down from Jim. Jim smiled briefly and thought of his folks who were scared shitless of Blacks. He felt strangely safer with Blacks than around the Polacks who hung on the street corners in his neighborhood and shouted insults and sometimes threw punches. Already he had been stomped on twice in the five months he had lived there.

The spade started walking toward him smiling, "Hey brother, you got some money you can give me?"

Jim laughed a little, "No, I'm broke, just spent my last bread on this train." This wasn't entirely true, he had three dollars in his pocket but he owed a buck to his roommate and needed some bread for groceries.

"Don't give me any of that shit, man. You cats always got some. Now give!"

"I told you, I don't have any. Some of us are poor, too."

"I'll take it you motherfucker. You parade around in your long hair and think you're soul brothers, but baby, you're just white ass to me." Suddenly there was a knife in his hand.

Jim stood up slowly to back away, "No wait, wait...." But the spade grabbed him by the jacket roughly ripping it open as Jim pulled away. They wrestled for a moment until Jim managed to get away briefly. It was then the spade slashed him deeply in the gut and Jim doubled over and fell into him. They struggled some more while the spade tried to get his knife into him again. But somehow Jim raised his knee hard into the guy's balls. They both fell and Jim just kept kicking until one kick sent the spade off the platform onto the tracks. Blue sparks lit up the night and Jim heard a scream.

He got up slowly clutching his gut, holding his intestines that were beginning to come out of him. Strangely he felt little pain but did feel the blood that had already soaked his shirt and pants. Already it feels cold, he thought. But the pain wasn't there yet though the memory of all the war movies he had seen as a boy came back to him and he remembered all the lines about gut wounds being the worst kind, the most painful.

He half stumbled down the stairs to the ticket booth. When he got there the old man in the booth looked at him strangely.

"Stop the trains, turn off the electricity. There's a man on the tracks."

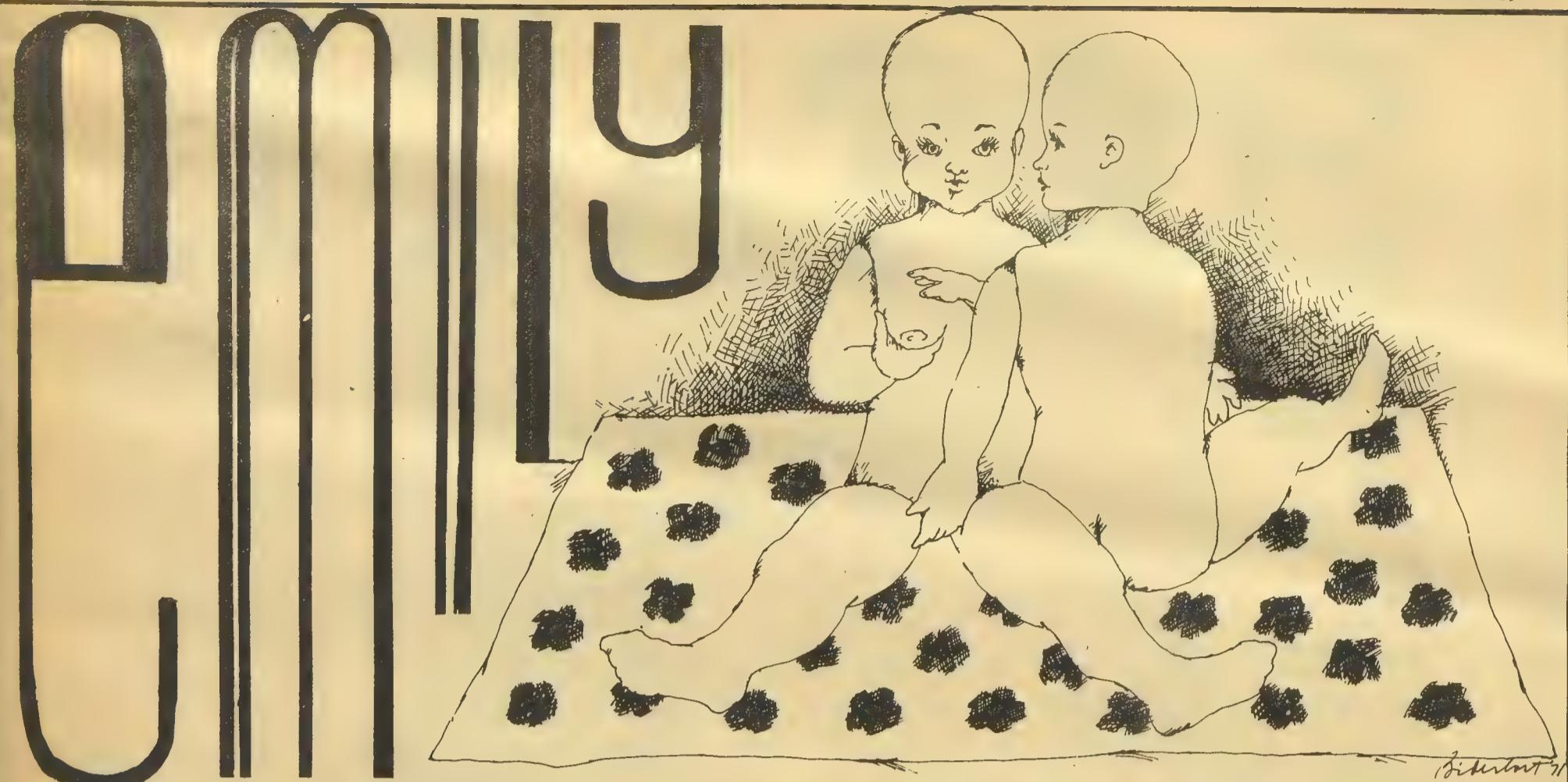
"What!"

"Call the police. I think I've killed him. I think he's killed me."

-Patrick Murfin.

There was a lot of controversy on the Seed staff concerning the publication of "Elevated Platform-Wilson & Broadway." Some people felt that, although it's author had not intended it to do so, the effect of the story was to promote racist images of black people. The author of the story maintained that he was trying to expose racist attitudes--but some of us felt that the story did not really do that--rather the contrary. The story is published here as a compromise--with this note attached.





The danger is always there. Meggin can feel it leave Emily's brown skin like heat rays soaking into every pore. Meggin's mother doesn't like Emily. "That girl looks like a gypsy," she says, screwing up her face. "Looks like she needs a good bath." How can Meggin explain to her mother how clean Emily smells, how clean her fingernails are, that she knows her mother dislikes Emily because she is different, exotic. "For nine she sure looks older," Meggin's mother adds.

The danger was there, strong, the day they stood on the railway trestle together, a little out of breath, Emily smiling, pointing down to the river, the sun shiny on her brown legs. Meggin looked down and grew dizzy, felt her feet grow into stumps that threatened to slide under the wire rail, her hands sweating holding so tightly to the top rung, looking away from Emily a little angry because she had followed Emily's will, waves of nausea trying to climb through her, but, then, looking at Emily and feeling her courage restored, chiding herself because she was scared silly. And, taking turns, each of them letting go one hand, bending over to get a handful of the tiny stones around the wooden rails, flinging them over the bridge, bending forward to watch them fall and ripple the water and make rings in many places at once. Not afraid as long as she looked at Emily, felt her presence, forgetting about the train until it was almost to the trestle, and quickly scrambling down to the other side, laying out of breath in the weeds, looking up at the flying wheels and rusty underside of the train while it roared by, drowning out their heavy breathing. And after it had gone, it's roar dwindling into a hum, their ears ringing, rolling and laughing in the weeds, hugging each other. Emily tells her mother that she and Meggin are going outside, but instead they go down a large hall into a narrow one and into a door Meggin has never seen before. She wants to ask Emily where they are going, but Emily has one finger to her lips. Up, up, up the tiny sets of stairs, dark, dark, can't see where I'm going, but follow Emily, smells like spiders in here, ooh, what was that brushing against me? The rustle of Emily's dress against the stairwalls, the squeaking of an occasional step, the light mumph, mumph, mumph of unsteady feet, all intensifies that sense of pleasure mingled with fear that Meggin always associates with Emily. Emily breathes like a Madonna, eyes lustrous, large liquid pools that suck you into them. Emily, tall, slender, with a grace and calmness of movement that belies the sense of danger about her. Did Emily's mother observe her daughter's mocking smile when Emily told the lie? The tiny nostrils dilating? The very quick nod of her dark head after her mother said okay to their going outside? No. Emily is beautiful and sweet, it is hard to notice the flight boiling under the calmness. Meggin has never had such a friend before.

Both arms uplifted, Emily pushes after a moment's hesitation, and the trap door groans while it rises, letting down a soft, dusty shaft of light. The door falls over to the other side with a heavy thud and Meggin climbs up after Emily. It's an attic. Two windows at either side let in light that tunnels through the center, leaving the rest of the attic, the boxes and chairs under the sloping walls, in brown shadows. Emily tells Meggin to sit on the little flowered carpet off to the side and Meggin does so, a little flurry of excitement dying out. What can they do up here? Boxes and old things, not even a truck like attics are supposed to have. Emily has disappeared behind some old picture frames and Meggin can hear things sliding along with a quiet tune Emily is humming, a pleasant song Meggin can't place.

She comes back with a big box. Putting it down on the rug before Meggin, she opens her arms wide and tells Meggin to choose the doll she wants. She sits down and leans over the box. Their heads are very close. Meggin is conscious of the musky aroma of Emily's hair and feels soft, soft strands rub against her forehead while they each pick a doll. "Just one each for the time being," Emily says, a soft command in her voice that Meggin accepts without question.

The doll fills the box, feet and hands intertwining, eyes shut in little, pouting wooden faces. Meggin picks one whose blonde hair is missing in spots, but who still looks pretty, dressed in a flouncy red skirt that Emily says she sewed herself. Meggin wraps her thumb and forefinger around the doll's waist and can hardly feel the wood through the clothes. "You can name her whatever you want," Emily says, holding a turquoise sheathed blonde doll with both hands, moving her like they are partners in a dance, slowly round and round so that the doll's skirt hangs in the air. Meggin wants to call her doll Emily, but something holds her back. She calls her doll Louise, after an aunt she considers the most beautiful person she knows, next to Emily. Emily calls her doll Chana, a new name to Meggin's ears, but one that fits the doll's black long hair and curving mouth.

Emily lays on her side, her long body stretches comfortably out on the floor. The upper half of her body rests on her elbow, and she looks down on the doll while she makes it move. Her black hair gleams like satan in the silvery light. "Chana is grown-up and she is a woman of the world," she says, raising her head slightly and looking Meggin in the eye. Meggin notices how delicately Emily's

one brow lifts, asking the question. Meggin shudders inside pleasantly; yes, they are alone, nobody knows they are there, this is a grown up game. The phrase nobody knows they are there is like neon lights flickering on and off inside her head. Forbidden things, anything, can happen. But she mustn't think, just play.

Emily's doll is speaking, talking about the storm outside and how their lovers were late and she is worried. It starts, the thrill of stepping over the top of the mountain, falling down, down into an unknown ecstatic place, saying "Open seseme!" and seeing the giant rock part to reveal treasure. "Oh shit," Emily's doll murmurs and without thinking, Meggin's doll says "I'll be damned." It is like putting her mouth to the first bite of watermelon on a hot day, feeling the cold, sweet juicy meat on her tongue, rolling it around, savoring it. The dolls, weaving here & there, are smoking, the sound of their smoke hisses as they gently exhale, one cigarette after another.

Meggin and Emily are now lying on the wooden attic floor, their bare legs extend beyond the carpet into dark, dusty corners. It seems to Meggin, looking up past Louise's red skirt, past the folded yellow cloth wrapped around her bosom, past the smooth underside of the wooden chin, that the dolls indeed are really speaking really moving, really smoking. The voice she has made for Louise sounds exquisitely adult, smooth, knowing, coming from inside the doll somewhere, landing in the air like petals from a rose. And Chana's voice is merely a blooming of Emily's with more heaviness, a kind of hidden depth to it, like some rich Italian candy Meggin's grandfather brings around every Christmas.

The doll's skin appears to move when they speak and Meggin can detect a heart beating under the yellowed cloth, and when they swallow the champagne, Chana has poured, it seems that Meggin can see the liquid ride down Louise's pale throat, can feel her flinch at the taste and then a slight pleasant dizziness. They have already switched from a house to a railway station to a castle, have ridden in a stagecoach as well as an airplane, without minding the inconsistency. Now the dolls move around in the kitchen, having shared a sumptuous meal, blowing out candles, pulling down shades, locking doors, preparing for bed. "I'm not waiting anymore for the count," Chana says, "Fuck him, the dirty bastard, I'm going to go to bed," and she starts disrobing, her clothes falling to the floor.

"Do we have nightgowns?" Louise asks.

"No heavens, we always sleep without clothes," Chana says, and it seems that the doll raises her brow just like Emily and smiles with the corners of her full mouth turned up. Ah, yes, Meggin thinks, naked, naked, how terrible, how dangerous, how delightful, and begins helping Louise unwind her yellowed cloth off of her chest, feeling a slight cool tremor when Louise stands half naked, her tiny breasts shinning in the light. The other clothes, even the tight pink panties, seem to come off smoothly, naturally, like it is meant to be. Chana and Louise gleam a naked now, walking to the blue lace rag that is the bedcover, each doll sliding underneath. They lay there at first apart, somewhere a radio plays softly and Chana hums to a tune that envelope Louise like a hot bath. "Let me touch your tits," Chana says. Louise's heart skips a beat, but she does not protest while Chana's hand runs lightly around her breasts and over her belly. "You touch me too," Chana murmurs in Louise's ear, and Louise responds by putting her arms around Chana's now raised head. The pillow so soft under her curls, and the mattress moves with her body, touch, touch, feel Chana's long smooth thighs rubbing against her softly, her cheek so soft, her lips pouring some soothing ointment over her body. Chana and Louise, so close, eyes half shut, folding into each other's body, and and swishes and rustlings of quiet movement, no talking now, just whispers, hushes, heavy breathing, and they are doing more than that. Only Meggin comes to with a start. A crack of thunder. A voice, someone's voice, strong, beaming down at them.

She looks up to the giant figure casting the shadow that falls coldly over them, the pale, faded bedroom slippers, blue with fur around the ankles so close to her neck, up, up, up at the monster invading, up, up the varicose veins on the skinny dark legs, up, up the inside of the housedress, seeing white covering the mound way up there, little curling black hairs on the dark thighs. Meggin feels a sickness, a knotted ball, in her stomach and closes her eyes. She hardly hears the harsh words, hardly feels the hand that swoops down and clutches her collar and jerks her up, only aware of flashes. Emily's eyes tearing, her voice sweeping the dust aside like a pointed finger. Emily running around her, into the mother's apron, burying her head, sobbing, her dark hair becoming undone, the dolls lying forgotten, laying far from each other on the floor like they have been killed. When she is half-led, half-pushed down the dark stairs between Emily and her mother, it seems that she is being poked with knives and she wishes with all her heart that she had been left up on the attic floor with the dead dolls.

-Shirley Garzotto.

DETAIL

Every morning at reveille the sandbag detail was selected. This consisted of everyone who was not an on-duty cook, the company clerk, or anyone dying of wounds (whether self inflicted or not, though I never heard of anyone getting away with that excuse.) Also excluded were the officers, by mere virtue of their rank.

We would kind of scuffle and straggle down to the perimeter to spend the day, usually until it was too dark to see the ground, filling sandbags. The 1st Sgt. always stood in the doorway of the orderly room, waving his arms in wild gestulation, his face turning a wonderful pale color, and cursing at the top of his Spanish accent about how shitty we looked as we marched, and intimated that we would all wind up in the bad place. We kind of strolled along, making faces at him, and feeling eminent glee that we were the sole cause of his bleeding ulcer. We felt, and rightly so, that if we had to spend the rest of our natural lives making mud pies, at least there would be one man remember us and keep us in his heart. As a matter of fact, I can only wish that instead of a mere pain in the stomach, we could have given him the world's champion hemorrhoid, called by them that knows, the Big Pile-in-the-sky.

Anybody who has ever been remotely connected with any sort of sandbag knows that it takes three men to fill it, but three men on one sandbag is not like one man holding a lightbulb and two guys turning the ladder. One man holds the sandbag open, one man shovels the dirt, and the third man ties the open end. Working this way, holding, shoveling, and tying, three men can fill 100 sandbags in less than an hour. That's one and two-thirds a minute, pretty good for such a waste of sweat.

A sandbag will hold anything. It's sturdy enough for toting and carrying, or just plain keeping something in one place, like books or writing paper, or what have you. It can be made into a shirt, or a pair of short trousers. The sandbag, much like the paper clip, has uses without end. The list is growing even as we sit here. Anyway, if you are going to use it for a purpose for which it was intended, that is, put sand in it, it won't be of much use. Sand has a poor consistency and is not to be relied upon. However, dirt is good, and so is clay. As a matter of fact clay is about the best, but for optimum results, that is a bag full of something that will, after as few as six rainfalls and subsequent bleedings, hold back everything from direct sunlight to armageddon, fill your sandbag with laterite.

Laterite is really an interesting sort of rock, a mixed bag of red-orange clay & funny looking gravel. In powdered form it can be as annoying as anything you care to think about, but a bedrock of good laterite will fill a sandbag eventually with a rockhard, stone-like substance that thousands of years from now, beyond the time when the bag itself rots and falls into dust, archeologists will examine and ponder and marvel at.

Laterite is just that kind of stuff.

For some reason I always felt good in the mornings. I was one of those insane people who went around happy as a pig in the mudhole, saying 'good morning.' sometimes well into the afternoon. I was a first-string shoveler. I would walk down to the perimeter, doing a little dance by the orderly room proudly swaggering my shovel as though it were a gold trimmed walking stick, and whistling. So there we were, in silent groups of three, whole parade grounds of triplets, each hoarding a favorite shovel, and standing over Our Spot, guarding it like a woodchuck. Then on no particular signal, the work began. I would twirl & florish the shovel and suddenly commence until I dropped from loss of blood or the tyer got so sick of looking into the open ends of sandbags that he puffed up, wrenched the shovel out of my hands, and forced me to sit and tie.

The longer we stayed on the Sandbag Detail, the more surly and dim we became. More than a few of us had horrible nightmares and eventual medical discharges, though the senior medic insisted we were faking. (That accusation being not altogether untrue.) After weeks and months of sandbags a man was usually ready for anything. Some of the younger, less robust, became afflicted with the oddest assortment of maladies. I remember one instance: a young trooper was drinking a quart of chocolate milk, when suddenly he went perfectly stiff. Pow, just like that, stiff as a shovel handle and poured the rest of the quart down the front of his shirt. Others simply shriveled into a foul breath of air and trailed off into the woods to bury themselves in the bark of a rubber tree.

Not infrequently we would hear someone jump up in the middle of the night, his blanket wrapped around him like a straight jacket.

"Alright, anything you say. I'll confess anything, sign anything. Anything you say, but PLEASE, just please, no more sandbags."

He would continue screaming and thrashing around until they came and got him. He would be allowed to confess, and then led away. For several days we would sit around discussing and debating what he had done wrong, but secretly we all wondered what we would confess when our turn came.

Some of us cloved sandbags. The radio platoon found such a good place, they would not leave it. They had their meals brought to them. They dug around the clock, in the rain and mind-frying sunlight. They soiled their pants and refused to change. Finally the stench became too much and they had to abandon it. But what a magnificent hole. They had dug it so deep, climbers had to be called in to bring them out. Even then, four diggers refused to come out and kidnapped one of the climbers.

I remember one time we ran out of sandbags. I know it sounds suspicious, I mean America never runs out of anything, but suddenly there just was not another sandbag to be had, period. We stood there, dumbfounded.

"Whatdaya mean there ain't no more sandbags. We're here to fill sandbags, you big slob, so go get me a Gawdamned sandbag."

Then we started to chant, slowly and thinly at first, because so many of us were slow at picking up a new idea.

we want sandbags

we want sandbags

we want sandbags

Then louder and with a clapping of hands

we want sandbags

we want sandbags

we want sandbags

We began to scream ourselves hoarse, jumping up and down, punching each other. The countryside for miles around fairly shook, as though the war were finally over with one ugly, horrible stroke. Thousands of voices, a chorus of thunderous, angry words wafted into division headquarters. The commander sent the entire contingent of MPs down to the perimeter.

We tore them to pieces.

NOT MP'S, YOU FOOL.
WE WANT SANDBAGS

and

HELL NO' WE WON'T GO, NOT 'TIL
WE GET SANDBAGS

then

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT,
WE WANT SANDBAGS

The swamp dried up. Helicopters crashed, driven to the ground by savage down-drafts. It began to rain for no apparent reason in Baltimore. Finally, someone air-dropped three truckloads of sandbags, and there was unabashed cheering (and wild scuffling) for two hours, until the last of us simply expired from spontaneous hemorrhage.

As punishment, the Sandbag Detail had their bedpan privileges revoked for three days.

A good sandbagger could be traded away for nothing less than a full case of real liquor. We made excellent house-servants, and I suspect many of us ended that way. Though I really cannot understand the logic of having a houseboy who shuffles around like somebody dragging a sack of flour, and has to have orders written down and repeated endlessly. Plump, old Mrs. Collins-Walter turns to what's-his-name, saying "Oh, what's-your-name, would you fetch me the phone?" To which the only reply could be 'sandbag.' Or when mild, dull-eyed, smiling Whatzit serves the honeyed cantalope (or whatever those people eat), folding and hunching over in as good a bow as you're liable to get out of him saying 'sandbag.' I don't know if I could go a whole day in the same house with a doit like that, it's enough to physic a wood-pecker.

One day, by someone's insane whim we were given an hour or so free, the healthier sandbaggers trooped up to the PX and bought something. It made no difference what we bought, we just like the feeling of giving something to someone besides a sandbag, no matter what we got in exchange. I bought some razor blades (which I tried to smuggle into my hootch, but got caught) and a fuck book (also confiscated, eventually).

Anyway, when we walked down the road in a gang, GIs and natives fell back in horror and disgust. The 5th Mechanized Infantry, an odd collection of huns & pirates with a sprinkling of assassines, saw us on the road, and turned their armored personnel carriers into the ditches, giving us all the room we could use.

We were the lowest of the low, despised among the despicable, lepers among touchables, we were the Sandbag Detail.

We walked along the side of the road, shuffling, laughing, and throwing rocks at the hospital, just having a high old time. The MP standing at the door of the PX with his issue clipboard sort of turned away and made it down the side of the building, as though he were counting the nails, but heading for the corner all the time. We opened the door and entered, crowding through like we did at the latrine. We stood in the gang by the cash register until a deadly silence settled all the way to the back. Soon everyone was staring at us, wondering what we would do next. The people standing nearest the fire exits simply ducked out.

It was then that the Sandbag Detail struck its finest hour. We encountered a young officer. He pushed forward looking mean flashing his gold bar like a kid smiling past a silver spoon in his mouth. He stopped and struck—the Pose.

He spoke, rolling his head and opening his mouth wide.

"Where the hell did you people come from?" he asked.

A few uncontrollables standing in the back fell down, farting and laughing hysterically, holding their sides and repeating the words. "Where did we come from?"

Then the officer singled out one man.

"Where are your boots? Troop? Stand at attention and take your hands out of your shirt when an officer talks to you. Where did you come from?" PFC Earl Gamby stepped forward. Sometimes we called Gamby 'Cervantes' because he was so punchy and always swatting flies, and sometimes we called him 'Bambi' because when he got drunk on that junk the mess cook sold at the back door of the mess hall, Bambi began to dance around, lifting himself up on his toes and whirling and singing until cracks appeared in the ground, when he would expire into drunken hallucinations. For that reason we also called him the 'D.T. Kid.' He had some honeys too.

Gamby turned to face us, raising his arms.

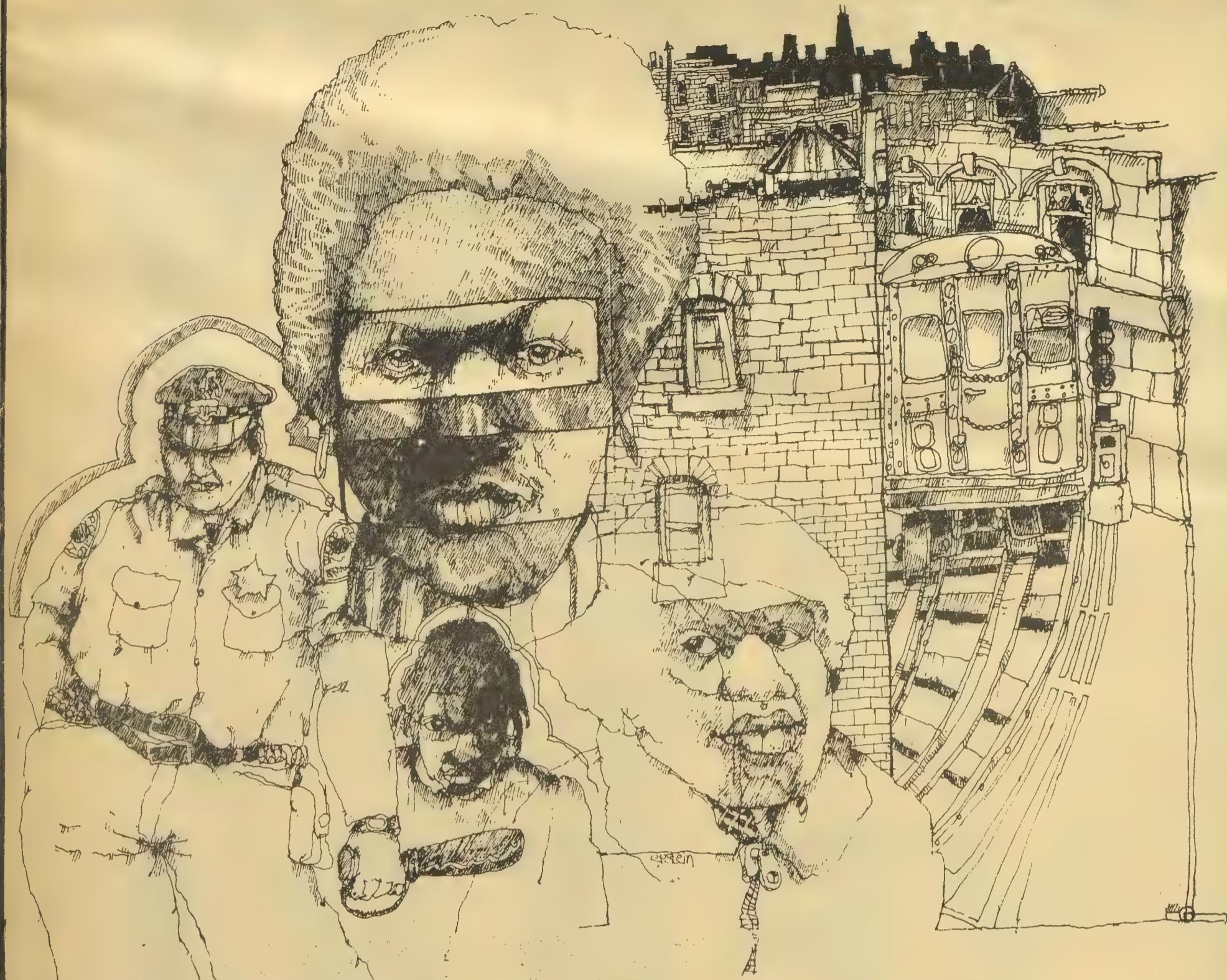
"One, two, three...."

Then we chimed in

We are the
sandbaggers
you fool
We are the
sandbaggers
you fool

We repeated that several times. The officer fell backward in a dead faint, the hair on his face suddenly turning thick, black and curly.

--Larry C. Heinemann



The only picture of you I ever saw, Fred Hampton,
was a newspaper half-tone because you died:

and you were standing beside the evil baby doctor Spock
whose black book freaked millions of mothers
in the dada vaginal-deodorant suburbs
into letting their dingdong school ultrababies
come of age weird in America

And ultimately become the nestling vanguard
of the international communist sunflower acid conspiracy
against the wonderbread presidents of the American Dream Machine
and every daddy and borderguard of the reality principle:

in a word, Fred Hampton, the movement,
the nightmare of the American Jehovah who's sat til now
in the boardroom kozy-korner
mixing poison laxatives for the nation's bad bowels
and nerve gas zap viruses and knockout surreal straight pills.

If there could have been one place in America
where you and I could have sat down together
it would have been in the movement, Fred Hampton:

and now before it could happen,
the old nobodaddy Chicago moloch
has wolfed down his own splendid black child.

But I promise you, Fred Hampton, that I will never squeal to the FBI
on Tom Paine or Aaron Burr or the retired Wobbly assassin
dying on welfare who I knew in Rochester, New York;
I promise you that I will be the baddest petty-bourgeois bliss junkie
neo-hegelian meta-malthusian revisionist I can be, and
fuck PL;
I promise you, Fred Hampton, that I will never buy a dashiki from
electronic niggers with dynel afros hyping black in the
East Seventies of New York City;
I promise you that if I am driven out of my mind by Time Magazine and
Kate Smith, I will never forget James Rector and Bobby Hutton;
I promise to remember every ninth floor window in America I ever
thought about jumping out of and every razor blade I
ever thought about slashing my wrists with, and every
piece of political quackery I ever heard;
I promise to carry around my Great American Nervous Breakdown
like a revolutionary medal of honor;
I further promise you, Fred Hampton, that I will not forget one
death of all the deaths of those who died for nothing
with nothing for nobody victims of pushers or filthy
needles or police murder;

PROMISES TO FRED HAMPTON

I promise to remember the faces of exiles and wrecks of America,
and garner up old newspaper pictures of suicides until I
have enough for a monument to the famous dead;

I promise to remember the zany grins of psychotic women in the subways
and the frayed ties of the 35-year-old jackies in West
Side Manhattan bars and the faces of all the boys I've
known whose minds have been slammed shut forever;

And I promise to mourn for freaks who tie

And I promise to mourn for freaks who tired of writing odd documents
of the future for beautiful newspapers and now write
dull reviews for mad metropolitan dailies;

But I promise you that I will build whatever dawn I can among the
broken dolls and soggy mattresses of the American
Apocalypse Junkyard in this sunset, Fred Hampton.



--Mole.

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Grammaphone, 2663 N. Clark

Record Shack, 4724 Oakton, Skokie

SEEDS CALENDAR



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Write today for Olds' 32nd Annual Catalog

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Accept no substitutes!

ART

Chicago Gallery of Photography—open Sat & Sun. 12 to 5 p.m. Wed. eve 7 to 9 p.m. 3742 W. Irving Park 478-5188. A new, not-for-profit gallery, set up to promote photography as a fine art.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario Dec. 18 thru Jan 30—White on White, a survey of the all white work of art in this century. Terry Allen, multi-media drawings focusing on the myth of the cowboy. Tours arranged by calling Helen Ratzner, 943-7755.

Drawings by Dinn-thru Dec. 23 at the Art Lounge Chicago Illini Union 828 S. Wolcott Ave. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

An exhibition tracing the history of the photographer's fascination with ruins and destructions "Terminal Landscapes" will open at Columbia College's Photo Gallery on Mon. Dec. 13 and be there thru Sat. Jan 29, 1972 at 469 East Ohio on the second floor. Open Mon-Fri 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sat. from 10 a.m. til 5 p.m. Free admission. Call 467-0430 for info.

Limited Image Photo Gallery, 108 East Oak St. in Chicago presents a sale exhibition of more than 150 works by photography students and faculty at Columbia College thru Wed. Jan. 5th. No charge for admission. Open 10 a.m. til 6 p.m. Mon-Sat. for info. 642-4180.

COMMUNITY



Psychodrama—Action Therapy. Every Monday evening 7 p.m. Parish of the Holy Covenant, 925 W. Diversey. No Charge.

Midwest Dope Dealers Association Convention. Dec. 27th thru 30th. Mandal Hall, University of Chicago. Business sessions closed to the general public. Dec. 30th, 8 p.m. MDDA trade show demonstrations of new products. This is open to the public. NOTE: Any delegates who have not received their credentials should contact their local branch secretary immediately.

Dec. 28-Jan 1. Young Socialist Nat'l convention Houston, Texas. hear pres & vice-pres. candidates Jenness and pulley, and discuss how to make a revolution. Call 641-0233, or write YSA, 180 N. Wacker Dr. Chicago, Ill.

People's night in Lakeview—Thursday nights 7:30 to 9:30 (or later)—Church of the Holy Covenant, 2744 N. Wilton (& Diversey). A time and place to get together and socialize.

Rising Up Angry will hold a free distemper shot clinic for pets early in January. Call 472-1791 for further information.

Free legal advice for women—Wednesdays 7 to 9 p.m.—offices of Chicago Women's Liberation Union, 852 W. Belmont. Call 348-2011 for more information.

Gay Women's Caucus meets on Monday nites at 8 p.m. at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church 600 W. Fullerton. For more information, call 768-7575.

Northside women's liberation. The Sisters Center is open Monday nights for open house to welcome and rap with new women. We have other activities too. Call 262-2720 or 338-6073.

A women's rights committee has been formed in the Illinois ACLU to handle matters involving the civil rights and civil liberties of women. Will consider any case involving action by any government body—federal, state, local or regulated industry. Will also supply speakers. For further information 236-5564.

The Action Committee for Decent Childcare holds weekly meetings. If you are interested call Heather Booth 538-3063 or Nancy Neswick 472-0254.

SPECIAL HOLIDAZE EDITION!

MUSIC

Community Benefit for the IWW at the hall. Bands and good times. Saturday Nov. 8th at 8 p.m. \$1.50 donation. 2440 N. Lincoln.

People's Dance—Sat. January 1st from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. at the IWW hall, 2440 N. Lincoln Ave. FREE FOOD (including Bar-b-Q'd chicken) and 5 BANDS—including Jupiter's Child, Syndicate of Soul, Black Water Gold and Mile Stone. A celebration to welcome in the new revolutionary year!

Blue Gargoyle Coffeehouse and Drop-in Center pushes food and freedom. 5655 S. University Ave. 955-5826. 11:30 a.m.-12 midnight. Mon-Fri.

MODERN JAZZ SHOWCASE—North Park Hotel 1936 N. Clark every Sunday 3 till 6 p.m./7 till 11 p.m. Costs \$4—but is often worth it.

Gay liberation consciousness raising groups on bisexuality for women and men at Ida Noyes hall, 1212 E. 59th St. (U. of C.) every Thursday nite 7:30 p.m. on. Gay coffeehouse every Fri from 7:30 to midnight at the Blue Gargoyle, 5655 S. University Ave. South Side (U of C) Gay liberation office open daily 7 p.m.-midnight at 1212 E. 59th room 301. Call 753-3274 for further info.

Gay men interested in consciousness raising groups call 528-1403 for more information. Share personal experiences and find new ways of relating.

Gay community center at 171 W. Elm open every nite and all weekends for informal rapping. Every

one welcome. Chicago Gay Alliance meetings every Sun at 3 p.m. Gay Youth (both men & women) meet at the center at 6 p.m. Sundays. RADICAL LESBIANS meet every Sat. at 2 p.m. at the center.

The Silent Path—"Maitreyan Way," an introduction to meditation, chanting, Mundra, mantra—centering through Tibetan Buddhism. Conducted by Jorgu Rosner. Meets every Monday evening 4:40 to 10 p.m. at the center, 140 N. State, Rm. 601. Free admission, Donation.



THEATER

No Exit by Jean Paul Sartre, famous French existentialist has been extended at the Company, 600 West Fullerton every Fri, Sat & Sun through Feb 6, 1972 \$2 per person. Tickets at the door or call 929-2634. A darn good play!

"The Importance of Being Ernest" thru January 16 at Goodman Theatre, 200 S. Columbus Drive. Call 236-2337 for ticket info. Goodman Children's Company is doing "The Snow Queen" thru Dec. 12. Same number for ticket info.

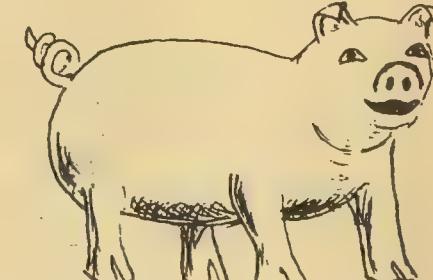
New Chicago City Players present One Hundred and First 8:30 p.m. Fri. Dec. 10 continuing. Fri and Sat in Dec. and January. Tickets \$2.50. At 615 W. Wellington. Call 929-0542 for info.

Organic Theatre—"WARP—My Battlefield—My body" performed Wed thru Sundays at 8:30 with an additional performance at 10:30 on Sat. Call 477-1977 for reservations or info.

"The Four Dueces" a musical extravaganza about Mayor Daley's and Al Capone's "Chicago" at the Jane Addams Theatre, 3212 N. Broadway. Opens Dec. 17 thru Jan. 30th. Fri and Sat at 8:30, Sundays 7:30. Reservations call 549-1631.

Free Theatre—3257 N. Sheffield Ave. "Improvisational Ensemble" running until further notice shows at 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. every Friday. A new rock cantata "The Ages of man" opens at the free theater on Sunday, Dec. 12, thru Monday March 13. Performances are at 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Sundays and at 8 p.m. Mondays during the run. For additional info, call 929-6920.

PLACES NOT TO GO

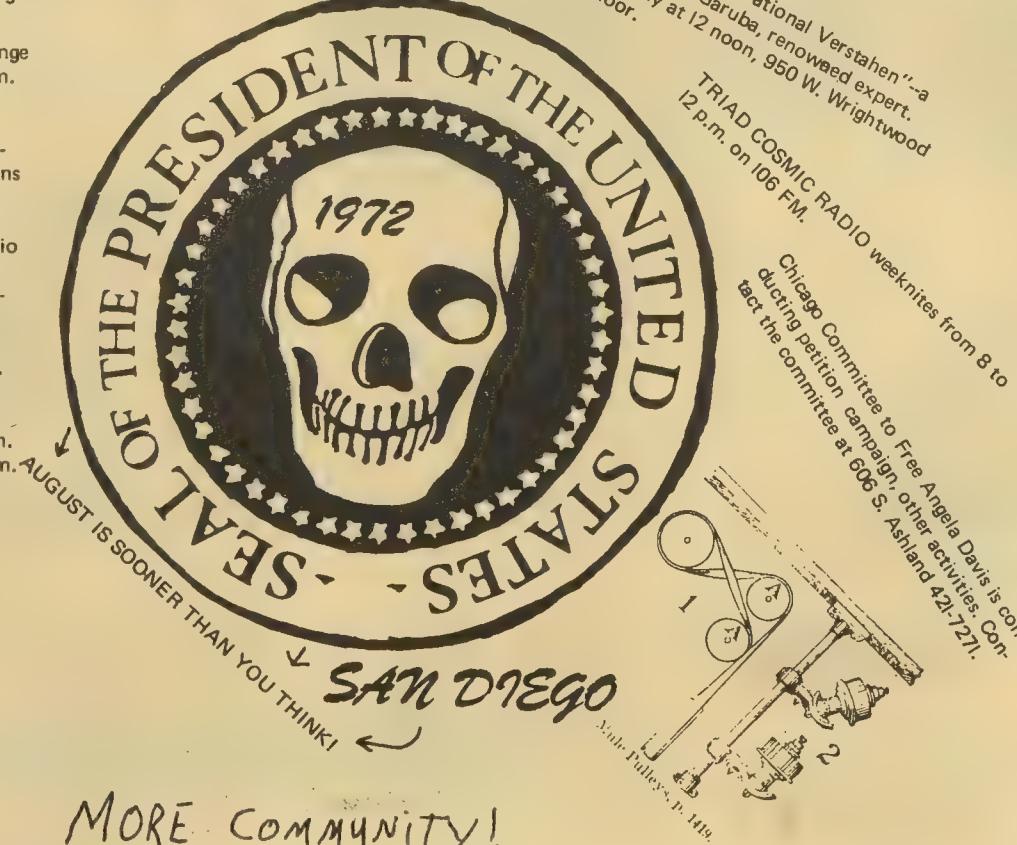


Here's another place not to go gang. Otto's Beerhouse and Garden Club, 2024 N. Halsted, across from People's Park) Otto's is owned by the notorious Donald Lebold. If you've lived in Lincoln Park for any length of time, you've probably noticed his name on various real estate signs. Lebold is one of, if not THE worst pig speculators around and is personally responsible for kicking out lots and lots of people in an incredible effort to further urban removal. This disgusting parasite doesn't need any more of anyone's money. Don't go to Otto's! HOWEVER—do go there on Sunday January 2—there will be a publishing party at Otto's from 4 p.m. Seed readers welcome. Merrit Davis just got two books published—FREE REFRESHMENTS! Come, eat, drink, swipe the silverware.



All this stuff is listed FREE! Send YOUR stuff to Calendar c/o Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood. Calendar staff was real spaced out this time and apologizes in advance for any omissions. HAPPY NEW YEAR!—M.C.F.

GOP Convention



MORE COMMUNITY!

Kingston Mines Company Store, 2356 N. Lincoln has poetry readings every Tuesday at 9 p.m.

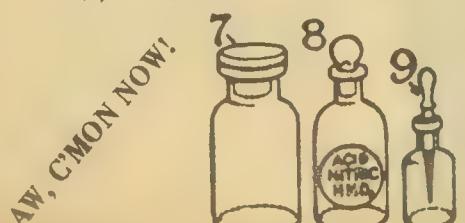
United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is currently involved in getting pickets for scab tablegrapes. Other activities too. Supporters meeting every Wed. nite at 7:30 p.m. at their office. Call 939-5120 or 929-5121 for info.

FREE LEGAL CLINIC at Rising Up Angry office every Wed. from 7 to 10 p.m. 2744 N. Lincoln. Call 472-1791 for further info.

Vigil for peace every Sat. 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. at State Street between Madison and Washington sponsored by Women for peace.



STA (whatever that is) will begin it's new Magic Lantern Society series of films Friday Jan. 21 at the Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario. Two screenings each program—7 & 9 p.m. \$2 per session. Jan 21—Lyrical & structural films. Feb. 18 the synaesthetic cinema. March 10—new releases. Recent trends in experimental film making. For more info, call Camille at CH-6-5845 or 332-1390 (we remember you and your film reviews camille!) and watch the Seed for more exact details of each program as they draw closer.



AW, COMON NOW!

CLASSES

FREE karate classes for women are being held at 2440 N. Lincoln (where else?) every Mon. & Thursday at 6 p.m. Everyone should learn to defend themselves!

Chinese Gung-Fu is an esoteric science of self-defense that aims to create a divine man and woman. Call John Thomas 493-1306 for information.

People's School—Learning Exchange—Dropouts if you have dropped out of high schools or are having difficulty the Learning exchange, formerly people's school is offering small classes and tutoring in Eng, lit, creative writ, math & hist. at H.S. level. Also Eng classes for Spanish speaking adults. In addition, in the near future we hope to start a food co-op, job co-op and coffeehouse. All classes are free 561-6737. 4409 N. Sheridan Rd.

Harmonica classes forming at the Old Town School of Folk Music, 525-7472 if you are interested. Also guitar, banjo, mandolin and dulcimer lessons.

Hare Krishna Bhakti Yoga classes. Tues and Thursdays at "Just Books" Altgeld & Halsted All are welcome. FREE HARI KRISHNA!

Kriya Yoga classes by Yoga S.A.A. Ramaiah M.A. (Sc.) disciple of Mahavat Babaji, every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. 2842 N. Orchard street No. 11 Chicago. 549-0031.

Two study groups. One on Marxism, Marxist methodology, German critical philosophy, problems of consciousness, psychology and linguistics. Another on the Russian revolution and the formation of the Bolshevik party and the Iskra newspaper. Open to public by the Socialist Labor Committee. Meets Sunday afternoons. for info, call 281-2781.

Alternative University at UICC is a pretty good thing—lots of courses—anyone can teach a course. Call 663-4652 to find out how you fit in. Former Seed street seller Neil Rest is teaching a course on Science fiction!

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It's published every 3 weeks and has revolutionary news from a lot of neighborhoods around Chicago, educational articles on peoples here and internationally, regular features on women, GI, and prisoner struggles, and revolutionary cartoons. Also we would like to hear from your neighborhood so we can let the people know what's going on where you are.

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INSIGHT—hotline for Glenview, Northbrook, Sun-Thurs, 8pm to 1am, Fri 8pm to Sun, 7am, 729-2777.

CHANGES—problem referrals. Hyde Park & South Side. 7-12 midnight, Mon—752-7059; Tues—493-5989; Thurs—324-6096; Fri—752-0967. 955-0700 6 p.m.—midnight.

GENESIS Drug Rescue, 24 hrs weekends, 8pm-6am weekdays. 598-2396.

CRISIS INTERVENTION CENTER—call 866-9500, out of Northwestern campus.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH—555 W. Belden, 929-3553, 24 hrs. Free feed Wed. at 6.

EMERALD CITY DRUG ABUSE—uptown area, 1056 W. Lawrence, 878-6769. Sun. 4-11. Fri. 4pm-2am, Sat. 4pm-2am.

INNER TUBE—Mon-Thurs 8-12 midnight. Fri-Sun, 4pm to 12 midnight. 777-0545.

YOUTH HOTLINES OF ILLINOIS—24 hr telephone crisis center. 1128 S. 1st St., Springfield, (217) 525-0670.

YATS—YOUTH AID TELEPHONE SERVICE, 775-2211 evenings.

LOOKING GLASS—24 hrs. runaways. 334-2601, 1725 W. Wilson. Legal aid clinic for women under 18 and men under 21 Tues, 8-11pm.

PUMP HOUSE HOT LINE—Mt. Prospect area. 259-7184, weekdays 1pm to 1am, 24 hrs wknds.

THE ARK—drug and pregnancy aid. 463-4545.

DIRS—DRUG INFO AND RESCUE SERVICE

North suburbs. 24 hrs on weekends. 6pm to midnight during week. 295-2929.

HOTLINE—Oak Park-River Forest area. 848-2555 Fri to Sun, 6pm to 6am.

HORIZON PROVISO HOTLINE—345-3920, Fri-Sun, 5pm to 3am.

MAINE TOWNSHIP HOTLINE—2pm-midnight. 825-0860. community switchboard.

SOUTH SUBURBAN YOUTH HOTLINE—754-9030

Crisis Intervention telephone, 24 hours 7 days a week. 794-3609

Health Centers

LIFELINE, 1543 W. Morse, 743-5800, open 7:30pm Weds and 8am-4pm Sat and Sun.

FRITZI ENGLESTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER, Holy Covenant Church, Wilton & DIVERSEY. & Wed. 6-9pm, Sat. 1-4pm. 348-8578. **TUES**

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC, 3850 W. 16th St. 522-3220.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER, People's Church, 834 W. Armitage. 348-9698.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE, 4403 N. Sheridan, 334-8957. 7pm. Mon, Tues, and Thurs, Sat from 10-12 for children only.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER, 1831 S. Racine, Mon & Tues 1:30 to 3:30pm and Weds, 6-10pm. 243-4844.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Ave., Northfield. 8am to 5pm Mon to Fri. 446-8910.

SOCIAL HYGIENE CLINIC, 222 E. Willow, Wheaton, 685-6565 & 689-7900. Mon & Thurs. 3-7pm.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE—348-2011.

CHICAGO BOARD OF HEALTH VD CLINICS' 27 E. 26th St., 9am to 3:30 pm M.T.T.H.F. and 12-6 on Wed., 100 N. Central Park, 9-3 Mon-Fri. 842-0222, 638-3365.

Community

People's Peace Treaty 955-5826.

Women's Caucus-lebian women—Monday at 8 p.m. Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton

VISIT A P.O.W. call Rising Up Angry. 472-1791.

HARPER'S FERRY ORDINANCE, 180 N. Wacker Dr., rm 605, open Sat, 1pm-5pm. guns & literature on guns and shooting.

PEOPLES PARK—Armitage and Halsted, to help maintain it call 549-8826.

LA GENTE 3227 N. Halsted, 7:30-10am. tenant union, food co-op, free food pantry, breakfast program.

CHICAGO LIVE IN PROGRAM (CLIP), 722 W. 18th St., 226-5747.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH has an abortion referral service. Francine Topping 491-4627 or 492-8270.

THE VINEYARD, Apt. 407, 20 E. Delaware, Chicago 60611, 944-4970.

PRIDE & PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted. 11am to 7:30pm weekdays, noon to 9 weekends. closed Sun & Mon. 477-4373

NEW FEMINIST BOOKSTORE 1525 E. 53rd, Rm. 503.

PEOPLES INFO CENTER, 2154 N. Halsted. 549-8626.

RAPID TRANSIT THEATER, 2745 N. Kenmore, 477-3599.

PEOPLES PEACE TREATY, 5655 S. University, 955-7666.

EVANSTON PEACE CENTER, 475-2260, 10am to 4pm daily.

FREE STORE—Grace Lutheran Church, 555 W. Belden. 929-3553.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO IS ON the air 11:30 pm to 2:30 am Fri. and Sun. and 10-2 am Sats., and can be reached during those hours by calling WNIB. 97.1FM

WAKING MOUNTAIN WOMEN'S CULTURE RADIO SHOW on WHPK 88.3 FM Mon. 9:30.

TRIAD free-form radio, 106FM 8-12midnight weeknites.

COMMITTEE OF RESPONSIBILITY, 234-5065. Blue Gargoyle, 5655 S. University, 955-5826

Solidarity Bookstore, IWW hall, 2440 N. Lincoln

Organizations

CHICAGO CONNECTIONS provides assistance to prisoners, their families, and to persons being released from prison. The participation of ex-cons and families of prisoners is particularly welcome. 21 E. Van Buren, Rm. 605, Chicago 60605. 939-4227.

THE BLACK WORKERS CONGRESS is attempting to organize Black people where they have power—at the point of production. For further information, write to them at P.O. Box 295, Gary, Ind. 46402. They publish a monthly newspaper to which you can subscribe for \$2 a year.

VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR—P.O. Box 9273, Chicago 60604. Bart Savage 779-6019 or Phil Rubin 761-2598.

NORTH SIDE WOMEN'S Liberation. 262-2720 or 338-6073.

CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE 1336 N. Sedgewick, 944-6262 or 285-5800; 4500 S. Michigan 285-8500; 2400 W. Madison 666-7351.

ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF BLACK PANTHER PARTY 4233 S. Indiana, 924-6575 and 2350 W. Madison. **226-9206**

CHICAGO AREA GROUP ON LATIN AMERICA (CAGLA), L19-7300, 88 W. Belden (McGraw Library basement) Tues. noon to 10pm.

GREAT LAKES MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY (MDM) 639-1869.

SOUTHSIDE WOMEN'S CENTER, 3rd floor, University Church, 5655 S. University. Mon-Fri 11:30am to 6pm, Mon & Fri eves til 8pm. call **947-8628**

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE meets at Gay Community Center, 171 W. Elm. 664-4708 or 944-8393 for further information.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS 840 W. Oakdale. 477-3340.

LADO—Latin American Defense Organization. 2353 W. North Ave.

CHICAGO HEALTH STRUGGLE, 710 S. Marshfield.

CHICAGO BRANCH INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, 2240 N. Lincoln, 549-5045.

RADICAL LESBIANS meet 2pm Saturdays at Gay Community Center, 171 W. Elm. 664-4707 or 929-2718.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS 1613 E. 53rd. -243-4137.

CHICAGO AREA MILITARY PROJECT (CAMP) 929-5860, 2801 Sheffield, Mon-sat 1-5pm, Mon & Wed. 7-9pm

Illinois Chapter of Black Panther Party 4233 S. Indiana 924-6575 and 2350 W. Madison 226-9206

Fiery Flames Collective, c/o Richard Chinn, 628 Buckingham, apt 201 348-9020.

People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, rm. 510 542 S. Dearborn, 922-8234 or 939-9194. Sharing that office is Clergy and Laymen Concerned about the War, Nonviolent Training and Action Center, 922-8134, Chi. Peace Council, 922-6578 and Independent Cgo. Crazies, Radicals and Anarchists, 922-8234.

Chicago Committee to Free Angela Davis, 606 S. Ashland 421-7271

April women's collective—768-7575.

NORTHSIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY, 281-0690, 2507 N. Greenview.

RISING UP ANGRY, 2744 N. Lincoln, 472-1791.

TRIAL—Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws, 2150 N. Halsted. 248-1600.

NATIONAL SERVICE CENTER FOR HEALTH SCIENCE STUDIES, 710 S. Marshfield, 243-5433.

Draft

DRAFT COUNSELING COOPERATIVE, 434-6447 Mon., Wed., Fri 1pm to 4:30 pm Tues., Thurs 6pm to 9pm.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE, draft counseling 427-2533.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTORS, P.O. Box 9089, Chicago 60690.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING: 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE

All Saints Church, 4550 N. Hermitage. LO 1-0111, 4pm to 6pm Thurs evenings.

Wellington Ave. Draft Counseling: Wellington Av. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642. Tues. 6:30-8pm, Sat. 10-10.

Rogers Park—Loyola University Draft Counseling Center, 1037 W. Loyola. 274-3000, Ext 615.

Jewish Draft Information and Counseling Center, 5959 N. Sheridan Road. For appointments call 225-0959 between 12 and 3.

Ravenswood Selective Service Counseling Center, 4754 N. Leavitt, M, Tu, Th: 7-10 pm. Sat 10-12 noon 784-3273 during hours.

The people's school—draft counseling. 4409 N. Sheridan Road Tu: 1-5. 561-6737.

Wright College, 3400 N. Austin, room 120. Tu, W, F: 11-1. 777-7900, ext. 43 or 44.

Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N. Beacon, 561-8033. Mon. nights.

Lincoln Park Draft Counseling—600 W. Fullerton, 248-8828. 7pm-10pm Mon - Thurs.

SOUTH SIDE

Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union, 446 S. Michigan Av, 11am-6pm daily. 300 E 39th St. (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S. Woodlawn. 363-1248. 7-10pm Tues, Thurs, Wed.

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S. University, 324-5181 by appointment, Tues & Fri.

United Campus Ministry—IIT, 3200 S. Wabash. Call for appointment. 225-9600, ext 498.

Kennedy-King Draft Counseling Center, 7047 S. Stewart Ave. Cali 488-0900, ext 36 for appointment.

Southwest Clergy and Layman Draft Counseling Center, St. Gall's church 551 S. Sawyer. 7 days a week 12 noon-9 pm 434-1533

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

Roosevelt University Selective Service Counseling Organization, 430 S. Michigan Av. Rm 204 341-2016 by appointment.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.

Latin-American draft education program, 2353 West North Ave. M 6-10, Sat: 2-4. 276-0909.

Austin Draft Counseling Center 484

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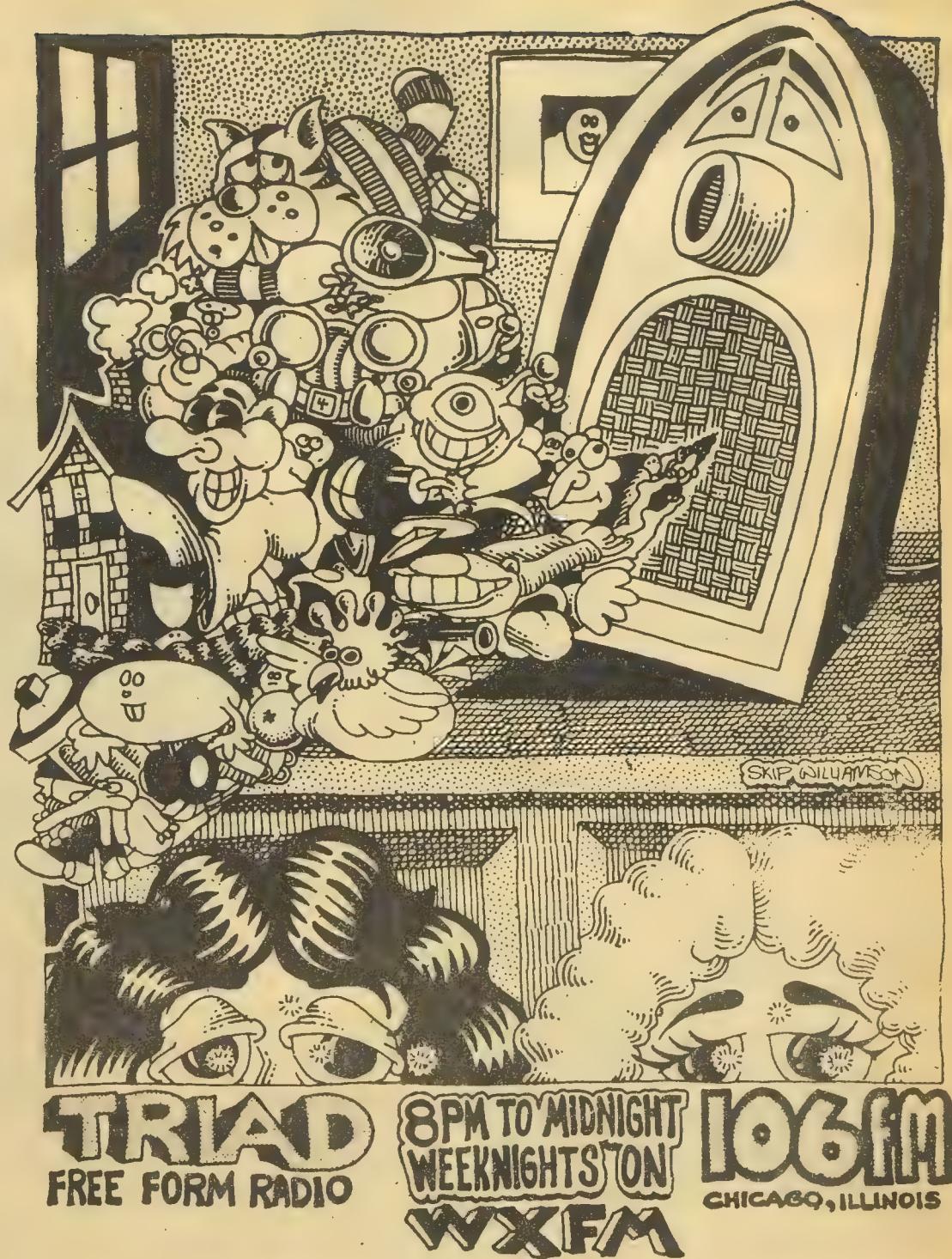
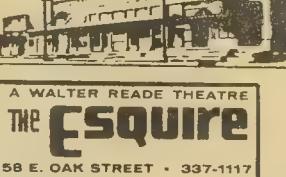
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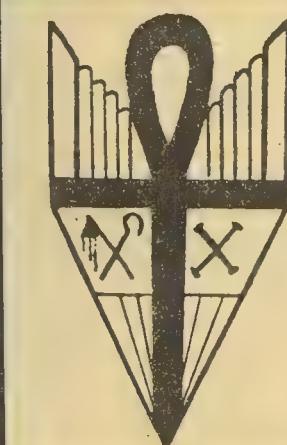
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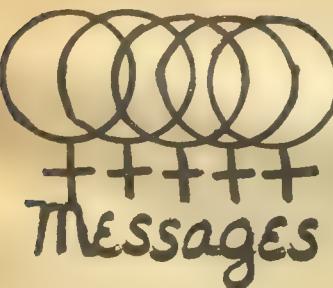
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MESSAGES

Ralph, Bob and Gordon: "you are at the power of us, or will be someday." "Harry A-keep or pushing"

Long live the spirit of the Jackson brothers.
-Emiliano Zapata collective.

We love you too, Pam & Chris (see rides) Why not write us? -Flippies (or write Flippie Nachelka c/o Seed).

Debbie Murphy from Oklahoma City. I want to take you away from all this Chicago madness. Contact Crusader Rabbit. 581-5386.

Will the 2 sisters who were at the Alice Cooper concert in row K contact the guy with the kat. Some & grape who you sat with. Call Elwood at 221-5686.

Marcia--too bad about Ann Arbor. I guess there was a breakdown in communications. Please write--Hunter.

Hunter--re: your letter.--the Seed is not all guys.

SAMANTHA ZIPZOP FOR PRESIDENT IN 72! Sammy is a black gay canine woman who is the candidate of the Feminist Lesbian Intergalactic Party (Flippies). To help her campaign, contact the Flippies, 2314 E. 70th Pl. or the Seed.

Has anyone ever noticed all the letters in Seed, Berkeley Tribe, etc. from prisoners who want people to write to them? I try & write--some don't write back--but I can only handle writing to so many people at a time. Maybe some of us could get together to do something about staying in touch with Anara Guard, 5027 Dorchester Chicago 60015 or 548-4145.

WAR WITHOUT TERMS!



Pam: Happy Chanukkah!

Smokey: Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, Snooky.

Michael aron or Desserica-- tony russi was busted to Toronto on a bullshit charge and is doing 10-25 years. He would dig hearing from you or anyone else. His address is Tony Russi number 80873, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901

Mike: A-I love you. If you cannot love me, I will die. Before you came I wanted to die. I have told you many times. It is cruel to have made me want to live only to make my death more bloody. Jan. R.

Sue from Yak Zies Bob the cab driver misses you. Call 929-5805.

For an interesting message, call 528-4250.

Merry Zipzop to all and to all a good night.

To Freddie who I talked to for about an hour down at Illinois Central Weds. the 1st. Inform us ignorant slobs out here about what you're doing. Please write me. Carl Opperman, 1117 Clover St. South Bend, Ind. 46615.

Tim Bates, I love you and always will, I know you feel the same. I need you badly. The Little Orange Pill man.

To Bob Litwitz: how's your leg feeling? Hope it's better you look so sleepy in the mornings. want to say hi to you but just can't someone will try Scorpio.

Debbie--how's things going? hope everything is fine. hope to see you around. and you too kathy.

The BJs--Bob, Joe, Danny and John. What have you been doing these days? Maybe use could get together. With Di and me. See ya a KP.

Smokey..loving you is where its at! John . Tibo.

Debbie where have you been. Been looking for you everywhere. Seen kathy but not you.

Ann Odham--I do really love you:-(signed) sincerely--Grouchy Bear.

Samantha for President! Fiery Flames Collective.

Tina--I love ya and wait FOREVER--Strode.

Chicago's new gay street sheet, GAY LOVE, will be out on the streets soon. Watch for it! Fiery Flames Collective.

To Patty Cozed of Champaign. I really love you. I realize it now. Please write or come to: Joe Harrington, 505½ W. Broadway, Bradley, Ill. 60915.

INTERCOURSE

Confronting the pigs on Sat. Dec. 18 to protest their harrassment of gay people was a beautiful and powerful expression of gay love and gay rage. Remember James Clay! Fiery Flames.

Roy: Boy, are you in trouble now! I saw you out with another woman last night. Give me 500 Carrots and I won't tell tale. Peace. Trigger.

Ray T: you're in even bigger trouble. And it's only the beginning. --Danny Stalzer Attack Battalion of the Liberation Army.

Wanted

Any and all people who wish to help make time easier. I would really dig hearing from you. w/m 24 in hell for violating the pigs laws. Please send photo if possible. All letters answered. "Peace" George Postlethwaite, Box 777, "623318", Monroe Washington 98272.

want small guitar amplifier. model el cheapo. around \$10 if possible. Mitch 281-8550.

Wanted-staff members for a embryo rock newspaper. If interested. Call Kevin 363-0197.

Wanted: person knowledgeable of devil worship willing to speak to high school people. More info, write Box HELEN.

Urgently needed: a bed, desk, chair, lamp at reasonable prices. Call Steve Karganovic. 275-1330.

News, gay personal articles, poems and graffix from the gay men's community for GAY LOVE Chicago's new gay men's street sheet. Fiery Flames Collective, 628 W. Buckingham, Chicago 60657 or call Richard 348-9020.

For Sale/Trade

Organic wooden pipes with roomy bowl and long stem. Send 60 cents with one 8 cent stamp along with this ad to D.O. Pritchard, 506 S. 20th St. Phila, Pa. 19146 guaranteed enjoyment.

Siamese kittens for sale. Seal pt. and chock. pt. reg. with C.F.A. They have had their shots. Give someone a kitten, they make nice gifts for \$35. We also have a Seal pt. and Frost pt. male at stud just waiting for you to call. Stud service from \$20 to \$35. 629-5158.

Wooden Table--4 chairs--\$25. 9 X 12, carpet--\$7.50. Vacuum cleaner--\$5. Electric fan \$3. 664-6499. after 5:30.

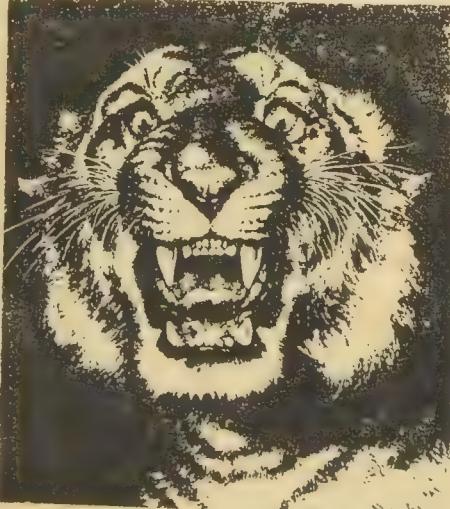
Need quick cash--must sell car, 67 Chev--for \$50 or make a deal--call 528-4250.

All things in leather--vests--\$25. Skirts \$35, bags--\$30. anything to order--call 327-5170.

free...
All political prisoners!

If God can be found through the medium of any drug, God is not worthy of being God-Meher Baba. For a free copy of Meher Baba's statements about drugs, please send an eight-cent stamp (postage) to Box 1242, Evanston, Ill. 60202.

Leaving town--have hundreds of records I must get rid of--Rock, Blues, Classical, and Jazz. Huge selection. Take them--I don't want any money! Rolling Stones, Dylan, Beatles, Grand Funk, Ten Years After, Airplane, Simon and Garfunkel, Roberta Flack, John Coltrane, Aretha Franklin and Nina Simone--hundreds of others. Call 528-4250 and ask for Ray.



gigs

Will do furniture refinishing, small electrical jobs, general repair work and painting indoors and out. Very reasonable. Call 274-8798.

Over-educated gay social worker (BS, BD, MSW) seeking interesting position in Chicago with flexible hours with employer not up-tight about gay activism. Will consider any serious offer--need source of income not unreasonably restrictive to facilitate unpaid professional work with and for gay community. Leads, ideas, etc as well as actual offers will be appreciated. Available April 1st. Write Box MSW, c/o Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood.

Video taping, film-making, photography, multi-media light shows...available from award winning film maker. Call Stu at 826-3456 ext. 76.

Truckin' will move your furniture, equipment band instruments anywhere in Chicago area. flexible rates. pay what you can afford. Call Phil, Tim, or Steve at 338-7082 anytime day or nite.

Nova Express Lite hauling 24 hour service. eviction a specialty. Cheap fast efficient. 24 hour phone 262-2795.

Need a job? Call 528-4250.

Hi. My name is Stephen. We are on the verge of opening a free clinic here in Arcata, Humboldt county California. We desperately need an M.D. to work here full time.

We are an approved alternative service employer for co doctors and can offer a salary. We plan also to be doing: 1) switchboard. 2) legal counseling, 3). draft counseling, 4). pregnancy counseling, 5) drug crisis intervention 6). long term and group psychological counseling, 7) some referrals to local doctors. There is also a job for a lawyer. Please contact Humboldt Open Door Clinic, 10th and H Sts. Box 367 Arcata, Cal. 95521 (707) 822-2957 c/o Don Sampson or Stephen Connor.

Need person to care for kids and husband. Rm and board Little bread. no hassle--immediately. Jan 566-4713.

Need job, will do anything, have "D" license to drive any truck or vehicle, 27 years old. Call 745-0847 anytime, ask for Richie.



Watned: I am a newly born jock, with a handful of ideas needing an outlet. What I am hoping to find is a group not necessarily prof. but at least very dedicated who might be willing to go on the road if things were right. What I have in mind are the small town ROCK-HOPS. If you can get into this give me a call and we'll rap. Call Gary 477-5625.

Rock or folk groups looking for gigs call Jay evenings at 631-9840. or send materials to media, 5716 N. Kimball, Chicago 60645.

Anyone having tapes or pictures from Alice Cooper's concerts interested in selling or trading for live zeppelin material. Contact Elwood 2215686.

Professional drum set, bass and snare, sock cymbals and stand, sticks and brushes. \$100. Am-2-9229.

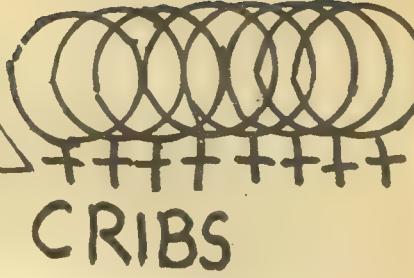
Bands--need paying gigs? call 528-4250.

"Hardwick" still needs a singing bass player, or a singing organist who can play bass on the organ. If you can't sing, call anyway. Must be serious, have equipment, and hopefully, transportation. We want to start gigging in lounges again. SOON. Call Wayne (lead guitar-vocals) 944-1082 or Ken (drums) 337-3187.

Miscellaneous

The wrist-slitting collective will meet at the same time at my house. Catch ya in the john. Running Dear.

Anyone knowing someone practicing behavior-mod or primal therapies, or other radical approaches, please write: Steve Luff, 5038 N. Santa Monica, Milwaukee, Wis. 53217.



3 year old head with mother looking for crib facsimile of the same. 664-3241.

Female, straight, 23, seeking apt. near North. side. Call Maureen after 6 at Ga-2-6748.

Female 21, striving for simplicity, strength and balance would like to make a home with persons interested in a serious attempt at cooperative living. Write Liz Martin c/o the Seed-Box LIZ.

I will be moving to the Chicago area in February and would like very much to live in a commune situation. Anyone interested in getting one together and/or has space for another, in one that's already together, please write Seed Box NICK.

I need a place to live around good people--have you an extra room or more for rent? Mindy, age 22, 866-6643.

South Shore commune looking for new members, especially women since we are overloaded with men. If you are looking for a more permanent settling in with a group of people than the usual apartment situation, call 955-2314 and come see our house.



Two European students need a ride to New York City after Christmas or around New Years! Will share gas. Call Chris or Ricki, 475-7180.

Ride needed to New York as soon after Xmas as possible. Annette 763-1694.

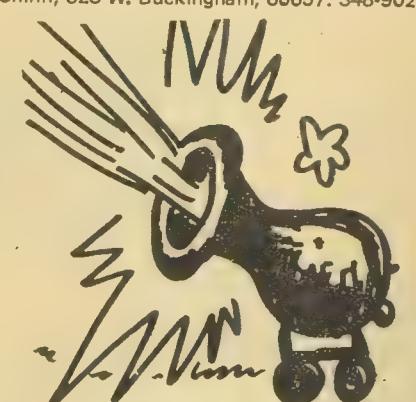
Two gay women (I8 and I9) from Gary, Ind. seek other gay women to travel with to New Orleans Louisiana to experience gay culture out there (it's really together!) Time of departure and length of stay undecided. We're a really serious and have a far out van to travel in--just share expenses. Write if sincere to Pam & Chris, 4557 Polk St. Gary, Ind. (We love you Flippies!).

Need a ride? Maybe I can drive you there. 528-4250.

HELP!

LOST PUPPY--three month old afghan--markings a white arrow on chest. Lost in vicinity of armitage & seminary. Monday December 13 between 2 & 3 in the afternoon. Reward. Please return--we miss and love him. 549-6944.

Fiery Flames Collective is putting out a gay street sheet GAY LOVE, for the gay male community. We muchly need office supplies of all kinds, a typewriter, stamps to mail our literature to you, money to keep going (even a dollar will help greatly!), your support, and your love. Fiery Flames Collective c/o Richard Chinn, 628 W. Buckingham, 60657. 348-9020.



ADDITIONAL ADS--add to the right category

Brownie Starmite II camera for sale. \$5. Ken. 337-3187.

Union drummer needs working band. Rock, soul, blues. Ken 337-3187.

Binoculars for sale. Good for watching rock concerts, birds, or whatever turns you on. A \$70 value for only \$30. Need the bread, call Ken 337-3187.

Patti--I love you--M

TRANSITION

97 fm

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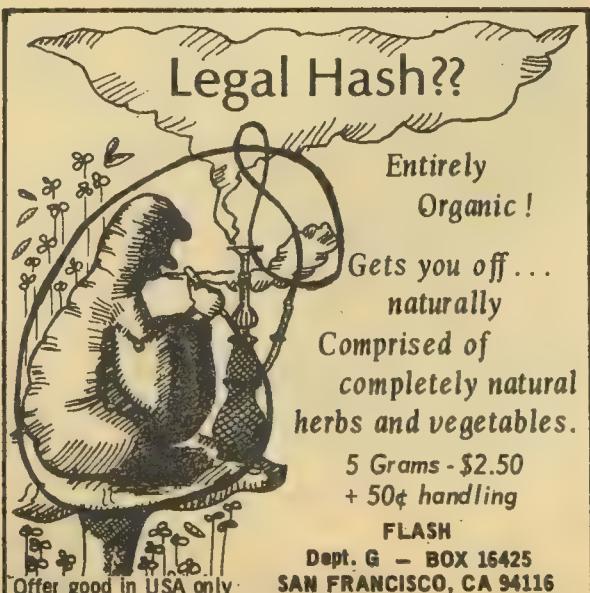
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SEEDBACK

Dear Seed:

Mike Gold's 'Falling Off the Mountain" was an excellent article. Your explanation about not running Mountain's ad was truly putting your thoughts into action. I highly admire your idealism.

For four years I have read, enjoyed and learned from the Seed. For the amount of changes the paper has gone through, I'm amazed each time an issue manages to come out. But I'm going through parallel changes too and it makes me feel good to see the Seed still trying to get better.

I sympathize with your money hassles. I hope this donation (\$50 bill enclosed) can pay a few bills. Happy Holidaze.

Yours in Peace,
A Friend.

(Dear Friend--thank you for your contribution. It does help, very much. We were astonished to find that almost all the money we lost by not taking Mountain's ad we got one way or another from folks who dug what we did. Even more than the bread you sent, we dig the knowledge that you're going thru changes with us--and that what we're trying to do means something to you--that's a very precious thing to know.)

Letter to the Seed:

This letter is about the articles about gay liberation printed on page II of the Vol. 7 no. 12 issue of the Seed.

We're glad you printed the articles, but we object to two of the headlines you chose.

The article about recent police harrassment of gays and the December 18 march to the 18th District Police Station was given to you with the title "Gays Harrassed-Plan Protest March." You changed this title to "Gays Get Zapped." We feel that this new title gives your readers less information and made a joke of the situation.

The article about the Venceremos Brigade's policy of not letting open gay liberation people go on future Brigades to Cuba was given to you with the title, "Gays Confront Venceremos Brigade." You changed this title to "Gays Zap Castro." That was a real mistake because our petition was clearly directed at the anti-gay policy of the Venceremos Brigade--a radical group in the United States. Our petition demands that these United States radicals change their anti-homosexual policy, since gays should have full participation in the Brigade.

The "Gays Zap Castro" headline you provided switched the attention to Cuba and let the radicals here off the hook about their own bias. Also, it's like a Tribune headline in the way it implies that one man runs the show there, and that the way to work for a change in a policy in Cuba would be to "Zap" that individual.

Since the start of the gay liberation movement, the Seed has been very willing to print articles concerning gay people, and we're sure that will continue in the future. This letter is written to you in the spirit of working out problems in an ongoing friendship.

Robbie, Ferd, Step, Ortez.

Dear Seed people,

In your December issue article "Draft Bill Grinds 'em Out," your illustration (Coors beer bottle: "The Only Draft for Me") was an act either of total idiocy or total ignorance. I'll give you credit to believe it was the latter.

Do you know anything about the Coors people of Golden Colorado? (The "bottled in Seattle, Washington" part surprised me, as there is only one Coors beer I have ever heard of, with only one brewery--in Colorado.) I do know, I come from Colorado. Adolph Coors IV (the president of the brewery) and Joe Coors (his uncle, the vice president of the brewery, plus...see below) are a couple of right-wing nuts. Joe is worse than Ronald Reagan, and he headed the Colorado Reagan for President Committee in 1968.

(Incidentally, the reason that Joe's nephew Adolph IV is the brewery president, is that about twelve years ago Adolph III was kidnapped, reportedly by Mafia types. His brother Joe refused on some sort of "matter of principle" to pay the demanded ransom. Adolph's III's body was found a month later in the mountains. Rumor has it that Joe Coors was playing footsie with the Mafia shortly before his brother's kidnapping.)

The Adolph Coors Brewery is one of the most blatant racially discriminatory employers in the state. A year ago, a friend told me, she was only one of at least fifty Chicano people who had filed discrimination suits against the brewery. In 1964, Joe Coors told his employees to write to their Congressmen to urge the defeat of the Civil Rights bill. If it passed, he told them, they'd all have to be replaced with black workers. The Coors are firing union workers whenever they can and replacing them with non-union workers. Part of the contract they forced on the union says that any worker actively voicing any opposition to their fascist politics can be fired immediately. The "pure Rocky Mountain spring water" from which Coors beer is brewed is just that--before it reaches the brewery. However, just downstream from Golden, "Clear" Creek is one of the worst polluted waterways in Colorado.

Joe Coors is also president of his own company (also in Golden), which is a porcelain plant. Here are developed and manufactured many of the heat-resistant nose cones on U.S. nuclear warheads (that's the main part of the company's business--Big Daddy Warbucks.) (This is the "defense" plant to which John Cameron Bishop blew up the power lines. For this he has been on the FBI's "most wanted" list for over two years.

This same company was involved in the great oil shale scandal a few years back. It seems that about six big acres of publicly owned oil shale land six big oil companies managed to buy up thousands of acres of publicly owned oil-shale land for \$2.50(!) per acre. They then all formed a "non-profit" co-operative corporation, to research ways of extracting oil from oil shale, and hired Coors' porcelain company to do this. Coors' researchers discovered a profitable method that involved thermal cracking and little porcelain balls--and just happened to include that whole mountains would have to be destroyed in the process. When SDS (the original SDS back in 1968) published a super-carefully documented exposé of the oil shale scandal, it found itself being kicked off campus six days later.

This was because Joe Coors is in on the University of Colorado Board of Regents. Because he also didn't like the way the rest of the students were "acting up" or whatever (e.g., wanting to get rid of women's dorm hours, etc.) he asked members of the state legislature to vote against appropriations to C.U. He led the fight to repeal the (admittedly somewhat ineffective) "Danielson Resolution" which forbade campus affiliated organizations to discriminate on a racial or religious basis.

Most of Coors beer here, as in Colorado, is sold on tap. This makes it difficult for people to boycott it (there is such an effort to do this among Chicanos in Colorado). However, you and your beer-drinking friends can always find out if a saloon does serve Coors. If your friendly local bartender won't get rid of the stuff when you ask him nicely, educate (i.e. picket and leaflet) the other patrons not to order Coors & tell them the owner know why.

Lavaun

P.S. Don't ask me for any help. I personally can't stand the taste of beer. I just can't stand Joe Coors either.

Dear Maralee:

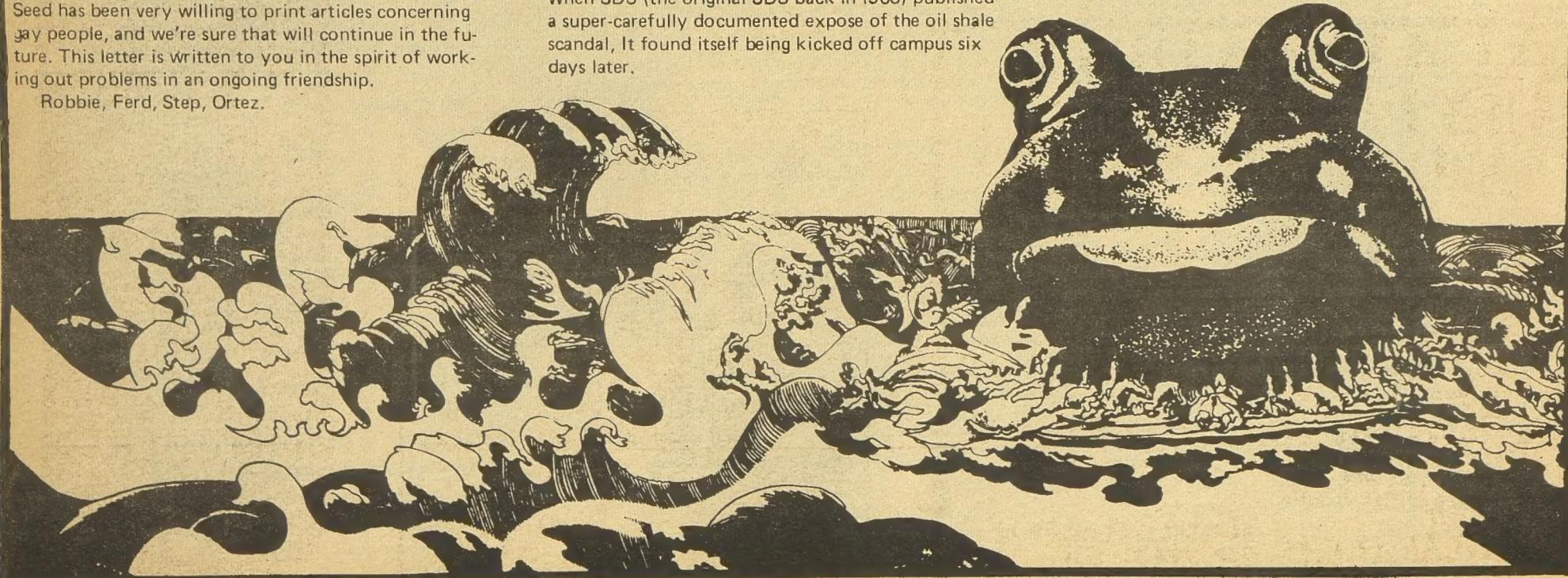
I am a male and I used to work as a secretary receptionist in a busy office, so I can really dig what you're saying in your letter to Patricia LeBlanc which was published in Seed Volume 7 number II. I just hope that you are aware of the fact that women are not the only human being involved in this struggle. If you are it should have been reflected in the way you closed the letter. It is very easy to add "and brothers" after "support your sisters," thus avoiding the erroneous assumption that women are the only ones being oppressed by these idiotic role definitions.

support your sisters and brothers
Marley.

Dear Seed:

After close to three years of reading the Seed, I must say that "Cook County Hospital Cooked" by Dave Moberg, which you published in your last issue, was one of the finest things that you ever presented--and I certainly look forward to seeing many more examples of Mr. Moberg's fine investigative reporting in the Seed--that one story was well worth the entire 35 cents I paid for the issue. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
Robert Penwarf



WOW ARE YOU!

WOW ARE YOU!

CHICAGO SEED

PAGE 30



6cornetius
- SAN DIEGO DOOR

DOPE DOPE

Real THC seems to have enjoyed very few appearances on the market, due to both the cost factor, and the instability of the drug. (it loses potency if not kept cold.) Most THC on the streets has actually been PCP, a drug which first made its appearance in the summer of 1967 as the Peace Pill in San Francisco. It is in reality a heavy animal tranquilizer known as Sernyl which was originally sold by Parke-Davis. When THC first started receiving a lot of publicity, the PCP perpetrators started selling it as clinical THC, because nobody yet knew the difference. Later on someone got the idea of spraying it on parsley, then mint leaves and calling it "Angel Dust".

PCP in its pure form, and as "Angel Dust" seems very enjoyable at first, however, repeated use causes acute paranoia and is responsible for many, many bummers. A heavy chemical taste lingers in the air when it's smoked, which should be the first sign that this is in no way an organic substance. This chemical taste is the clue

if you suspect your grass has been treated with PCP.

Another use for PCP seems to be as an additive to real psychedelics, to create phony mescaline or phony psilocybin. Recent analysis has indicated PCP, speed, and low grade acid being sold as mescaline.

The best advice would be to avoid it altogether it is an unstable drug with an overdose potential even when smoked.

DOPEY

The annual Midwest Dope Dealers Convention will be held from December 27 - 30th at the University of Chicago, Mandel Hall. All business sessions of the Convention will be closed to the public (agents, you know) but the evening discussion groups and the MDDA trade show, with demonstrations of new products, are open.

All MDDA members who have not yet gotten their credentials please contact your branch president.

-Dr. Hackenbush
and Mary Jean

DRUGS AND GUNBAGS

So what's wrong with smoking a little "Mary-Jane" to get "high"? One look at the statistics compiled by J. Edgar Hoover's own FBI tells the grim story. And it could happen to you. Consider the following facts compiled by the FBI and Mothers for Common Decency (Chap 12) in the recent year of Our Lord 1970: *63% of drug users are expected to

die within the next 50 years.

*82% failed to vote Republican in the last election.

*69% performed an unnatural sex act.

*12% had their noses fall off.

*39% attended colleges with losing football teams.

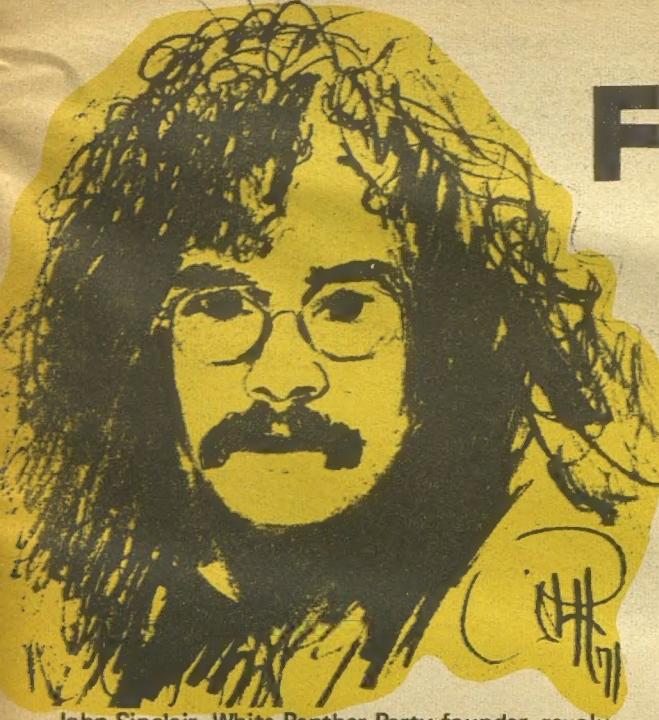
*8% had a noticeable increase in body odor.

*91% indicated no desire to serve in Vietnam.

Frightening? Yes. Hard to believe? Even more so. But drugs don't care about you. They never did and they never will. And remember—John Wayne never needed 'em.

-Courtesy of Friendly Bob's Liquorama

FREE JOHN RALLY— JOHN'S FREE!



John Sinclair, White Panther Party founder, revolutionary and poet, is FREE on bond after spending 29 months in a Michigan jail for handing two joints to a narc. John was sentenced to ten years for two joints in an obvious attempt to stop his political organizing.

The rainbow People's Party has worked for two years to get John out of prison. (Rainbow People's Party was formerly the White Panther Party). Every legal avenue was exhausted. Their efforts were paying off though, because of the power of the People in Michigan, petitions, pamphlets, theater, whatever could be used to spread the word.

Newspaper accounts of John being released didn't make any mention of recent events in Michigan, however. In early December, plans began for a massive FREE JOHN BENEFIT to be held in Ann Arbor. By December 9th, the day before the benefit was scheduled to take place, the Michigan legislature reduced the penalties for possession of marijuana.

Few people in Chicago even heard about the December 10th FREE JOHN BENEFIT until December 9th. John Lennon and Yoko Ono were scheduled to be there, as were Black Panther Party Chairman Bobby Seale, Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis, David Dellinger, Stevie Wonder, Phil Ochs, Father James Groppi, the UP David Peel and many others.

On the night of Dec. 10th, 15,000 young people filled Chisler Arena in Ann Arbor. Allen Ginsberg started the program with a beautiful PRAYER FOR JOHN SINCLAIR. For the next eight hours, 15,000 people smoked in the arena, in violation of the law, and listened as speakers called for the release of John Sinclair and ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS, the legalization of marijuana & the defeat of Nixon. The benefit was like a small Woodstock. People were cramped and tired waiting through the eight hours to hear John and Yoko sing, but good vibrations were everywhere...and there were surprises throughout the evening. At one point in the program, a telephone call was put through to John Sinclair in prison. It was hooked up to the arenas speaker system and John talked with his wife, Leni, and his four year old son, Sunny. Prisoners were listening to the benefit on radio, he said, and then he cried...A few moments later:

"They try to make us think that we're alone in

prison, but we're not alone.

Everybody in the place cheered loud enough for John Sinclair to know that he was not alone.

David Dellinger told the audience that "We want John out of jail so that he can help plan the music for San Diego."

Jerry Rubin said that 1,000,000 people should show up in San Diego for the Republican national convention...as Jerry left the stage, he yelled: "goodnight Bernadine wherever you are."

Chairman Seale outlined Panther survival programs but spelled out that the party intended to start a free gun program if their large scale free food programs are attacked.

Marge Tabankin, president of the national student association, was there. She called the case of John Sinclair a perfect example of political suppression by selective employment of drug laws.

James Groppi spoke about the similarities between Germany under Hitler and Amerika under Nixon. Newsreel films were shown in the halls, and three television cameras focused on people on the stage and projected the pictures onto a huge canvas hung over the stage. That way everyone could see. There was going to be a voter registration table set up, but city or county officials wouldn't allow it.

Ed Sanders read a poem for John about half way through the program. It ended like this:

"Love and public
tranquility
& sharers bliss
for those who
help set him free

& a huge screaming mob
outside the homes
of every official
who keeps
John Sinclair in jail."

The UP sang their song FREE JOHN NOW...

"It's something that the power of the people can do/
got to get up and sing/ yes we're gonna have our way/ make
our voices ring/ now, now, right now, starting today/
FREE JOHN, FREE JOHN NOW!"

And so it went throughout the evening until about 2:30 a.m. Co-MC's Anne LaVasseur and Bob Rudnick asked everyone not to rush the stage and to be cool. John and Yoko are coming on. They walked on stage to a thunderous cheer. There was a few moment delay as mikes were adjusted because they were recording live. Their first song was JOHN SINCLAIR. Leslie Bacon and Jerry Rubin accompanied with the band. Leslie on guitar and Jerry on a drum.

"If he'd been a soldier man
Shooting gooks in Vietnam
If he was the CIA
Selling dope and making hay
He'd be free, they'd let him be
Breathing air like you and me.

They gave him ten for two!
What else can judge Columbo do?

We gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta gotta gotta gotta
gotta set him free!

Then they sang a song about English imperialism and English oppression of the Irish. Two songs later and they left the stage.

The Rainbow People's Party had printed thousands of posters which were given away free. Yoko Ono had printed a huge printed poster which carried the inscription "To My Sisters..." these too were free. The John Sinclair Freedom Rally program, published by the party contained excerpts of talks, lyrics, pictures, poems and articles. It was free. So were 45 rpm records which had the UP's FREE JOHN NOW on one side and Ginsberg's prayer on the other. When people left the benefit, they left with full arms...

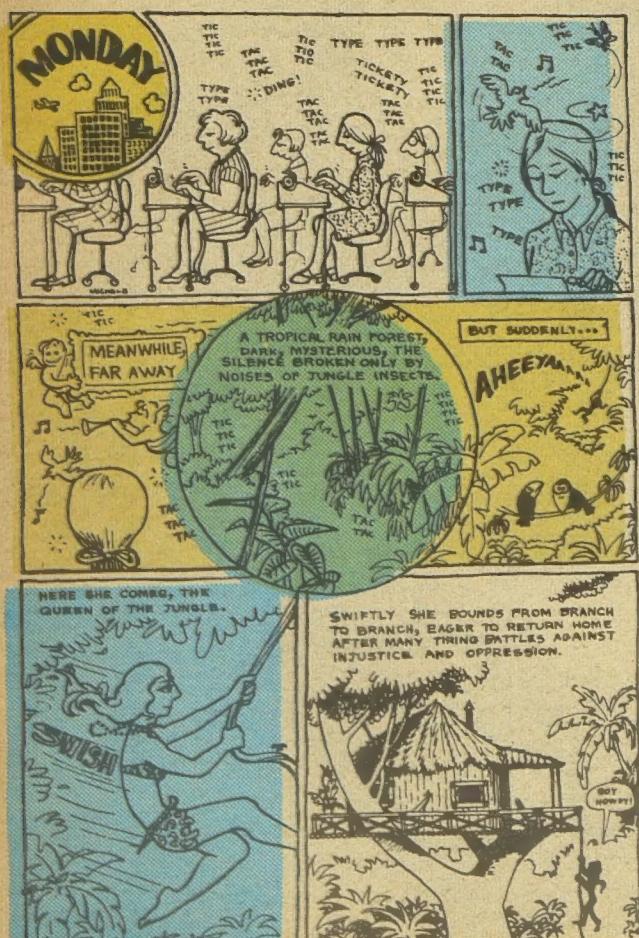
Jerry Rubin had said that there will be more rallies like this in different parts of the country, all aimed at freeing political prisoners and fighting against Nixon's election.

Lennon had said that flower power didn't work so it's time to try something else. And there was talk that John and Yoko would do more political rallies in the coming months.

It wasn't the rally, however, that freed John but the months of hard work by hundreds of sisters and brothers. But it is certainly ironic that the Michigan legislature changed marijuana laws a day before the rally.

What John Sinclair wrote about the marijuana revolution in the rally program explains the state's activities "That it's repression campaign hasn't worked is in itself proof of the disruptive power of marijuana and now the government sees that the marijuana revolution can't be stopped it's trying to undermine that power by altering its assault and changing the marijuana laws in order to 'regain the confidence of the young people.' But that won't work either--the repressive nature of the capitalist state has already been exposed and nothing can cover it back up again. History cannot be turned back."

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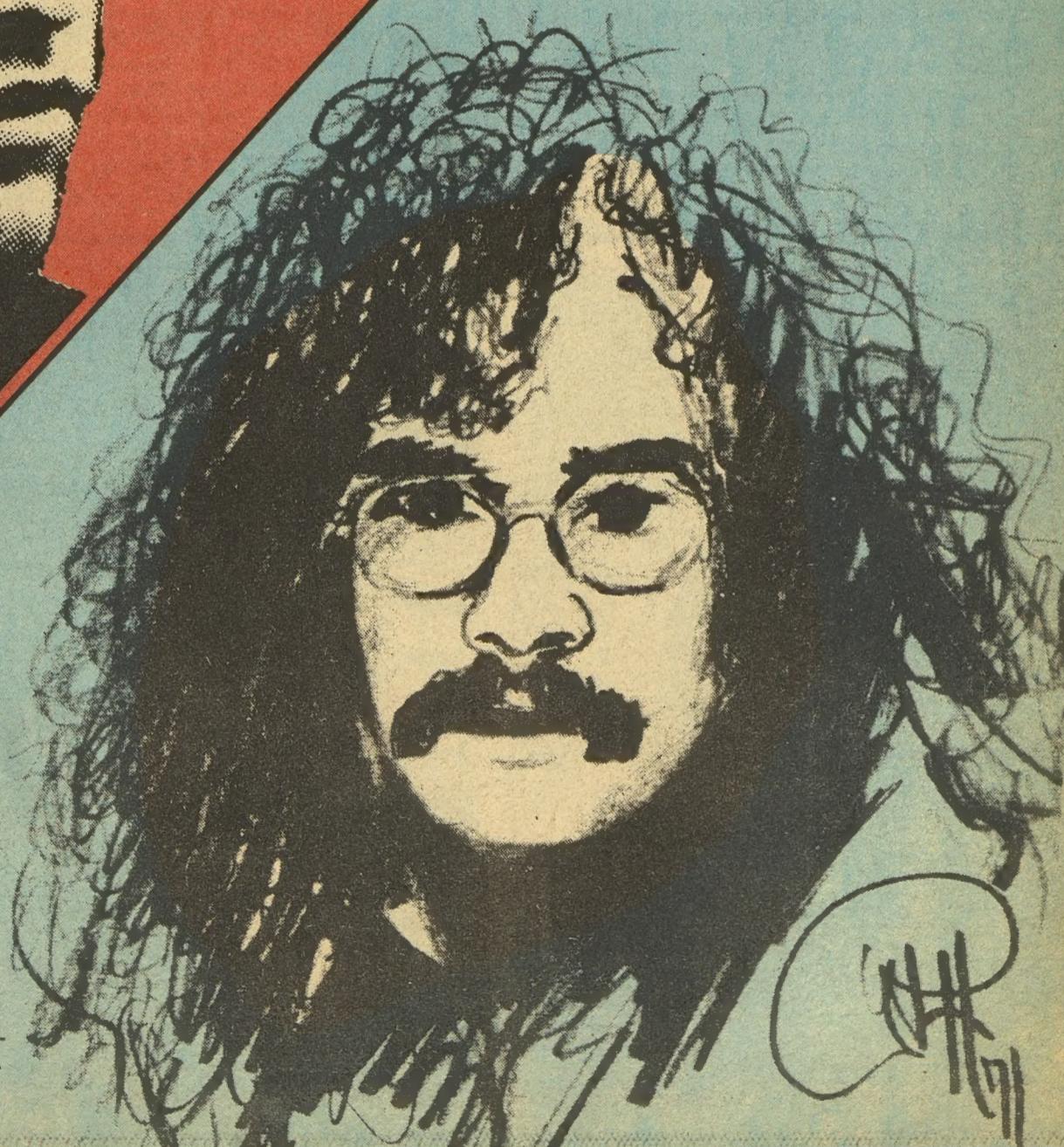
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Free At Last!



Several days after the third mistrial on a 1967 charge of manslaughter, Huey P. Newton of the Black Panther Party has finally been cleared of all charges. Some say he was on trial for not having been killed—finally they've granted him the 'right' to live.



John Sinclair has been released from jail after serving 28 months of a ten year sentence for possession of two joints. He is out on bail pending appeal of his conviction. (see page 31)